

The American Girl

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Beth B. Gilchrist & Emilie Benson and Alden Arthur Knipe
Ruby L. Radford & Agnes R. Wayman & Dare Stark McMullin



*Jane Deeter Rippin
National Director
of the Girl Scouts*

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

A magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls who love Scouting

HELEN FERRIS, Editor

Published at 189 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

ALICE WALLER, Business Manager

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Look at this picture of
Phoenix Arizona Girl Scouts
Then send us your own snapshot
on the subject

As the Girl Scouts Go Hiking Along

See Page 42 for our Camera Contest.
And see our July Issue
for the hiding of the treasure in our serial.

Also for

Linda's Afternoon

by Katharine Adams, one of America's most
popular writers for girls. Linda thought the
other girls didn't like her. But she found a
way out from her loneliness.

New games—Outdoor handicraft—Puzzles!

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Good Company

By KARLE WILSON BAKER

To-day I have grown taller from walking with
the trees,
The seven sister-poplars who go so softly in
a line;
And I think my heart is whiter for its parley
with a star
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above
the pine.

The call-note of a redbird from the cedars in
the dusk
Woke his happy mate within me to answer
free and fine;
And a sudden angel beckoned from a column
of blue smoke—
Lord, who am I that they should stoop—
these holy folk of thine?

From "Blue Smoke"



The loveliness of the apple trees—Brenda wanted to fill herself with beauty, as you fill a pitcher with water

The Blue Pig

The story of a happy friendship that was shadowed by doubt

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Illustrations by B. W. SCHLATTER

BRENDA stood waiting for her grandmother to speak, her eyes on the other girl. How she loved her, loved her already, though this was the first time they had seen each other. Gray eyes and a tall straight figure and a voice that sounded in your ears like music. She must be lovely inside, thought Brenda, lovely to know.

"Why, yes," said grandmother, "Brenda may come over to supper tonight. It's very kind of your mother to ask her. Would you like to go, Brenda?"

"Yes, grandmother."

How silly the words sounded. As though you could put into speech the bliss that burned in you like a flame of exquisite fire.

"That is very nice," said the other girl. "We have supper at six."

Her eyes lingered on Brenda's, as though she were wondering what Brenda was like inside, how pleasant she would be to know.

The two talked in a little constraint side by side at the gate.

"Goodbye. I'll see you tonight."

"Goodbye. Thank you so much," said Brenda.

She could hardly hold her feet to a decorous walk as she went back to the house. Despite her, they skipped a little. Something wonderful was going to happen. She felt it trembling before her in the luminous future.

Oh, she was so glad they had moved to Greenboro. And she hadn't really wanted to come. Which, when you thought about it, was funny. She had grown up on the paved streets, with the tall buildings and the crowds of strangers—nobody you knew—of a city and the big high school with its debates and clubs and activities and the library where you would get all the books you wanted to read. And Brenda wanted to read a great many.

She had been afraid she would feel lost in the emptiness of the country without any of these things. But the country wasn't empty at all. Why, it was full—full of a great many other things, grass and birds and sky and trees and mountains and smiling friendly faces, not a bit like the aloof absorbed faces of the city crowds.

Last year there had been a girl in the high school at home—she must break herself of saying "at home," Greenboro was home now—a girl whom Brenda had sat

beside in class one semester and had very much wanted to know. But the girl had lived too far away for them ever to see each other out of school. And the next semester they hadn't been in the same classes and that had been the end of their acquaintance. Somehow or other, that had been the way with all Brenda's friendships. None of them really arrived anywhere. They were might-have-beens. The girls she had been thrown most with, on debating teams or in working up class topics, hadn't been of a sort to make her wish to know them, personally, any better.

But this Mary Davis in Greenboro lived next door. *Next door.* And her mother had invited Brenda to supper. Both circumstances were amazing.

Brenda's skipping feet turned off from the brick walk to the front door into a smaller path that led around the house. She just *had* to go and look at the apple trees. Ever since, hanging out of her bed room window before breakfast, she had spied the trees standing in full blossom at the end of the garden, Brenda had not been able to get them out of her mind. It was as though their beauty had tied a string to the girl and every now and then they pulled and she had to follow.

Two of the trees grew just this side of a gray stone wall. Beyond the wall straggled more trees and a hill ran up to the sky. In the sky, puffy clouds were drifting. Against the green hill the young apple trees looked like billowy white clouds that had fallen down on the grass. Some of them were tinged with pink like the clouds in the east last night at sunset. A heavenly sweetness came from them. It blew to you from a distance. Brenda, drawing near, heard a droning like the faint buzz of far-off motors. That noise was of bees' wings. A flirt of blue flicked from one tree to another; on a topmost bough a robin burst into song.

Brenda stood quite still, looking, looking. She wanted to fill herself up with beauty, as you fill a pitcher with water. Something pricked in her throat. Why should beauty make you want to cry? Because you couldn't hold it all, because some spilled over? But why should wanting to cry make you happy, this queer aching sort of happiness that tingled through you from head to toe?

Brenda shut her eyes and stood quite still. Then she opened them again and the apple-trees were as lovely as ever. Brenda felt as though she ought to look at them every minute of the day—and night, too, in the moonlight. Under the trees on the grass, like a reflec-

tion, lay a faint drift of petals. A queer palpitating sense of haste touched the girl. Before her eyes the apple trees shimmered in a magic of immutable perfection. They would fall. Now it was their day.

Brenda threw out her arms as though she could hug the warm fragrant sunlighted air. Under the apple trees she took a few dancing steps, swaying as if a breeze moved her, holding up her scant skirt as though it were a billowy cloud. Then she kissed her hand to the apple trees and ran into the house.

"Where have you been?" asked grandmother.

"Out to look at the apple trees."

"You'd better help me settle the front room. People will begin to call and we won't have a place to put them."

For no reason at all Brenda threw her arms around grandmother and hugged her.

"What shall I do?" asked Brenda.

"Fill the bookcases. And don't stop to read as you put the books in."

Brenda laughed. She was so happy she had to laugh.

The big fat bound magazines should go first on these lowest shelves, beginning away back fifty years ago. Brenda just had to peep inside. She liked to see the funny little round hats and the sweeping trains and the bustles and long curly eyelashes on the pictured ladies.

"Brenda! What are you doing?"

"Just looking a minute." She shut the book hastily.

"You don't know what a minute is, Brenda."

The poetry should go on this second shelf, the dark blue volumes of Wordsworth and the brown Tennysons and the sky blue Shelley, and Longfellow and Lowell and Whittier, with gold squirly things on their covers. Oh, here was Stevenson. And Miss Alcott. And Lewis Carroll. Rather mixed company.



Something wonderful was going to happen! Looking at Mary, Brenda knew it

"Brenda, are you reading again?"

"No-o-o."

"Looking?"

"One teeny glance. All right, grandmother."

After that she put the books in the bookcase according to size, without reading their titles. The air blew in through the window beside her, laden with adorable spring smells. Her hands jumped to their work. Work? Play, rather. Anything was play on a day like this. And she was going to supper next door with a girl who was as wonderful as the day.

"Put on your brown silk, Brenda."

"Yes, grandmother. May I wear my gold beads?"

(Cont. on page 38)

Persevering Ann

*Yes, the house was haunted. And Ann and her mother had bought it with their last cent. But—
"I won't be a quitter", said Ann*

By RUBY LORRAINE RADFORD

Illustrations by ESTHER ANDREWS



Patrick Mura insisted he had seen a patriot ghost coming down the stairs

"**M**OTHER, are you certain the roof doesn't leak—and the title is good? Surely there must be a flaw somewhere." Ann's tone was skeptical, and there was a little pucker between her eyebrows as she hung up Mrs. Connell's hat and coat.

"Everything was lovely and in perfect condition. Of course I know the inside walls won't suit your taste, but we expect to have to do a little work like that. Ann, I believe we have struck a real bargain in that house. The views of the house and surroundings that the owner sent us don't half bring out the beauties of the place."

"I can hardly believe it," said Ann. "To think that I'm really going to have my year at the art school and have you with me, too!"

Mrs. Connell was looking in her traveling bag, and presently brought forth a legal-looking paper which she handed to her daughter.

"This is the deed or contract, or whatever you call it, that Mr. Owens had drawn up. Mr. Marston is coming down after we've talked it over together to witness our signatures. You can be reading it while I freshen up a bit."

After her mother left the room Ann read the wordy, legal document which stated that a certain house in the city of Anston would become the property of her and her mother when the specific sum was paid to the present owner. That specific sum was what worried Ann. No, not that they did not have it. For Mr. Marston, their family adviser and lawyer, had just sold their old family

home for more than enough to buy the place in the city. But the price seemed too low for an eight room house in the city, ideally situated in sight of a first class college, and only a short distance from a popular tourist hotel.

When Mrs. Connell had seen the city house advertised in their local paper she had written for particulars, and then unfolded her plan to her daughter. They would buy this house, conveniently located so that Ann could attend college and take the course in applied art for which she had been saving since she left high school. By taking college students and boarders during the term, Mrs. Connell said that she could support herself and help Ann out. All this had seemed like the magical fulfillment of a dream to the girl, for she had expected to teach school at least another year before she could hope to save enough to bear her own expenses at the college and leave some money behind for the support of her mother in the old home.

Ann would have felt better satisfied had she been able to go to Anston to look at the house with her mother, but she had been giving examinations at the end of the summer

term so that it was impossible for her to leave. Mrs. Connell was such a trusting, motherly soul that an unscrupulous person could easily take her in. But surely an experienced man like old Mr. Marston would know if the house was a safe investment. Ann heard him coming down the garden path now, and hurried to the door.

"Come right in," she said. "I have just finished reading the papers mother brought home."

"You're getting a wonderful bargain, Miss Ann," said Mr. Marston, following her into the old fashioned sitting room.

Ann heard her mother in the hall above. She was anxious for a word alone with the lawyer. Closing the door softly she stepped closer to the old man and asked, "Mr. Marston, did you go out with Mother and look at the house? I—I'm afraid she's just charmed with the view across the lake, and the quaint beauty of the place. I wouldn't say this to another person in the world, but you already know that dear little mother hadn't much of a business head—she has too much faith in all humanity."

"Well, you needn't worry about this deal, Miss Ann. You're getting a real bargain. The place is a very old one, in fact I examined all the deeds and titles to it all the way back to the original grant of land from King George and there's not a flaw. Only last year the house was put in perfect condition, though I suppose with your educated tastes you'll want some changes inside."



There they were—waitresses in colonial costume

"I'm not worrying over those small improvements," said Ann. "I only want to be sure that this is not a cheap investment that will prove worthless. You know this old home was the only thing Father left us, and if we should lose all the money we got for it, there'll never be another chance for me to fit myself for the work I'm so anxious to do."

"Well, just stop worrying your little head about it," Mr. Marston admonished. "There's not a chance in the world that you'll lose money on that house."

Mrs. Connell came bustling in at that moment. "Now, Mr. Marston," she greeted, "you just make yourself at home. We're going to have some supper before we get down to business. I'm about starved out after living two days at that hotel."

"I was in hope you were going to ask me to have some hot waffles with you," chuckled the portly lawyer, settling himself comfortably in the big arm chair and picking up the evening paper. Suddenly he lowered the paper, and with a twinkle in his eyes added, "Wasn't it waffles you said you were going to cook as soon as you reached home?"

"Sure, if that's what you want, I can stir them up in a jiffy," said Mrs. Connell, bustling towards the kitchen door. She had changed her traveling dress for a comfortable gingham over which she now tied a fresh apron. There was nothing she liked better than to prepare a good meal for a guest, and Ann knew that she would be in her element when feeding and mother-

ing the college students whom they hoped to have for boarders.

"Mrs. Connell," said Mr. Marston some time later when he was enjoying the crisp waffles and maple syrup, "the folks will surely miss you at the church suppers. There's not another woman in this town can make waffles taste like yours."

"I'm hoping to make a new waffle reputation among the college students at Anston," smiled Mrs. Connell.

When their friend left that evening, the deal for the house was closed, and two weeks later Mrs. Connell and her daughter moved to Anston. To Ann's surprise and joy the place proved to be all that her dreams had made it—a quaint, old fashioned house, built on a high, narrow street. From the front there was a view of an arm of the lake, and across it, nestling among the trees was the college; from the west windows, beyond some low-roofed cottages could be seen the golf links, sloping away from the club house to the lake.

The house itself had a small yard at the front and back, but houses had been built too close to it on each side. There was a crepe myrtle tree near the gate that was now a glory of crimson and yellow leaves, its slender, smooth limbs forming a lace-like pattern against the broad weather-boarding of the house. But the interior was what caught Ann's fancy; there were such possibilities here. The large rooms, high ceilings, and spacious fireplaces told of hospitality in days gone by. And Ann was hoping that once again they would echo the happy laughter, when they had filled the house with student boarders.

There were only ten days between their moving to Anston and the opening of the college, and they were crowded days for Ann and her mother. The paperers came out and tore down the glaring, flowered paper. In its place was hung paper of soft tones, or cheery tones according to the setting and use to which the room was to be put. From the attic of their old home, which for years had been a hiding place for junk, they brought the old spinning wheel to adorn a corner of the living room in their new-old house, and two Windsor chairs to place beside the gate-legged table. The four upper rooms were furnished for the prospective boarders, while Ann and her mother occupied the back bed room downstairs.

At last everything was in readiness except the broad hall downstairs, and this part of the house had made the girl feel restless for a week. There seemed to be absolutely no way to make it attractive.

"Evidently some crank planned those stairs," Ann groaned to her mother, on the Friday before the opening of school. "Aren't they awful? Think of winding, spiral stairs in a spacious hall like this!"

"And right in the middle, too," added Mrs. Connell. "If the stairs had been placed on one side, then there would be room for mirror and chair or a table on the other side—as it is, we can place only a chair and rug here near the door."

Ann lifted her eyes to where the stairs ended at the attic beyond the second floor. Straight down through the middle of the spiral was a hollow space like a deep well. Suddenly her gaze came to rest on a cross beam far up on the ceiling at the top of this "well." It was painted white like the rest of the wood work on the stairs, but she suddenly had a feeling that that cross beam had not been built in with the house. Why had it been nailed there across that drop? An eerie thought grazed the girl's consciousness, and she involuntarily shuddered.

"It's cold out here," her mother hastened to say. "The

days are getting nippy. Let's go in to the fire." Ann did not tell her mother that it was not cold, but a sudden unaccountable horror of that stairway that sent a shudder through her. That night she did not sleep well, and imagined as she tossed about restlessly, that she heard strange noises about the house. And she had wanted to be fresh and rested the next morning for her conference with the college president. From the very first she had felt that there must be some mystery about a house that would sell for the sum they had paid for this one, and in the hushed, still watches of the night this doubt became an obsession.

But with the dawning of the crisp September morning, after a few hours of sleep she was able to laugh at her fears, and attribute them to the depression of overwork. It was with keen anticipation that she hurried across the little lake bridge towards the college.

The college dormitories were always overcrowded, and Ann felt certain that they should have little trouble in securing boarders. So it was with perfect confidence that she hurried to the office of Mr. Griffin, who had charge of the Residence Bureau. She had worked out her own schedule very satisfactorily so that she could get through with all her classes in the morning, and return home in time to help mother with lunch.

So with sparkling eyes and eager enthusiasm, she took the chair Mr. Griffin offered her, and proceeded to tell him that she and her mother wanted some boarders in the quaint old house at the top of the hill. "You see," she explained, "I have to make my way as I go, and when we had a chance of getting that house so cheap Mother decided to come up and keep boarders—college students we want. You think there will be more enrolled this year than can get rooms in the dormitories, don't you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Griffin, but the sensitive Ann immediately saw that his manner was hesitant. He tapped the end of his pencil thoughtfully against his chin a moment before he added, "To be perfectly frank with you, Miss Connell, most of the students prefer new houses with modern conveniences."

"Oh, we have everything as convenient as any one could wish," Ann hastened to say. "There's a nice bath-room upstairs, electric lights and student lamps in every room—big closets, and I assure you Mother is a most excellent cook. I'd like to have you come over and inspect the place. We've just had things done over inside and I'm sure the students ought to like it."

Suddenly Mr. Griffin rose and stepping nervously across to the window, gazed a moment at the old house on the hill. He plunged his hands deep in his pockets, wheeled round and faced Ann.

"Miss Connell, you don't know Anston very well, do you? Didn't you say that you and your mother had just moved here?"

"Yes. We have always lived in a small country town about a hundred miles from here. It was only an advertisement in our paper that we found out about this house, though I was planning to come here to college after another year of teaching."

"And you bought the house from Frank Owens at what you thought was a bargain price?" Mr. Griffin's eyes had narrowed, and the little creases on each side of his nose had suddenly turned white. "I suppose he told you that it would be a nice place to keep student boarders, eh?"

"He said he had kept them here—or rather his wife had, and that it ought to be a paying business for us."

"The scoundrel!" suddenly exploded Mr. Griffin. "I

suppose he didn't tell you, also, of its ghostly history of the sudden death of one of the students there, and the immediate vacating of the place by every boarder he had!"

All of her uncomfortable foreboding—the low price of the house, the queer spiral stairs, the strange night noises flashed in chaotic confusion through Ann's mind. Intuition had told her that there must be something wrong about the place. Were all her hopes to be shattered now because of this unfortunate investment?

"Its ghostly history!" exclaimed the white-lipped Ann. "Do you mean that the college students are afraid of it because one of their number died there last year?"

"Not that alone," said Mr. Griffin, resuming his seat. "The history of the place dates back to the time when it was the only large house in this neighborhood, and the Tory general used it as his headquarters. A battle was fought from it as a stronghold, and thirteen patriots were captured. In the flight the general himself was injured, but that didn't deter him from having his bed dragged to the door where he could view the hanging of his thirteen captives from a beam nailed over that well in the stairs."

"That beam—I thought!" Ann clasped her slim white fingers over her lips to suppress her sudden horror of the place.

"That's been nearly a century and a half ago, but that uncanny story still affects every one who hears it—every

one has a horror of the place," said Mr. Griffin. Suddenly his kindly face softened and he looked straight across the desk into Ann's eyes. "It's hard for me to tell you this, and shatter all your hopes, but I believe it will be best for you to know the truth."

"Yes, I want to know the truth," Ann said faintly. But the girl felt as though a rain-bow-tinted bubble had broken at her touch. The opportunities that she had thought would be hers were vanishing, practically all the money they had in the world had been invested in this house that they could probably never sell. She would have to go to work again, with the hope of her year in college still off there on the distant horizon.

"But surely college students are not superstitious enough to believe that the place is haunted," said Ann, seizing any ray of hope that might brighten the situation.

"They aren't—and they are," replied Mr. Griffin. "If that unfortunate thing hadn't occurred there last year I really don't believe you would have any trouble getting boarders. But after that, it's out of question."

(Continued on page 32)



To prevent the passersby from seeing her tears, Ann turned and gazed into a window

Sacajawea, the Birdwoman

The true story of a sixteen year old Indian girl whose memory will never die

By MARIE OSBORN
DOUTHIT

INTERWOVEN with the history of all people there is a golden thread of romance, but in the annals of no other uncivilized race, perhaps, does this shine so vividly as among the American Indians. This romance, blended with the picturesque figures of chieftains, orators, leaders and heroes, presents a living picture which throws a peculiar charm over the history and the scenes of the exploits of these natives of the Americas.

Among the many about whom is a halo of romance, none commands a more intense interest or admiration than the Birdwoman of the Mandans. This little daughter of the wilderness, in whose history centers so much attention at the present time, was of the Shoshone tribe. When about ten years of age, she was taken captive by the Mandans whose territory was on the upper waters of the Missouri River. She became the slave wife of a French voyager, Charboneau, at the age of fifteen.

Lewis and Clark spent the first winter of their expedition across the continent in the country of the Mandans, where Charboneau and his young slave wife lived. The Captains engaged Charboneau as interpreter. They thought his wife would also be of service when they reached the territory of her people.

In February 1805, this girl wife, then but sixteen, gave birth to a son, and would have died but for the care given her by the kind explorers. The gentle, engaging little Birdwoman won the admiration of the Captains and their men. Throughout the long journey, burdened with her baby strapped upon her back, she labored with the men, and through her extraordinary efficiency rendered invaluable service. The first time she proved her value through her unusual presence of mind and capability was on an occasion when a canoe, loaded with the journals of the Captains, their scientific instruments and their medicines, was caught in a rapid and was on the point of being overturned. Charboneau, who with Sacajawea was in the canoe, held the steering oar.



This is the statue of Sacajawea and her baby, designed by Miss Alice Cooper, of Denver, Colorado and erected near Portland, Oregon

Struck with fear, he loudly called upon his God for help. At the last moment the boat was saved from over-turning but it was filled with water and the lighter part of the precious cargo floated out upon the stream. Sacajawea, with her wits about her and with great courage, saved not only herself and baby but grasping right and left she secured the most valuable packages.

Late that summer the party reached the mountains, where the canoes had to be abandoned and horses obtained, without which it would be impossible to cross the mountains to the headwaters of the Columbia. Since leaving the country of the Mandans there had not been a trace of human beings except in camps deserted months before. As they drew nearer the mountains Indians were seen at a distance but they quickly hurried out of sight.

At a place where it seemed the expedition must be abandoned, the Birdwoman began to dance and sing. She had recognized the valley into which they had penetrated. It was her own home, the home of her own tribe from which she had been taken captive years before! Now she knew that her people could not be far away. Sure enough, in a few days the explorers came upon a number of squaws who had been abandoned by the Indian men.

As the poor creatures cowered before their captors, bending their heads in expectation of the death blow, a young girl among them caught sight of Sacajawea and

rushed toward her. This girl was a member of Sacajawea's tribe and had been taken captive in the same raiding party. But she had made her escape while the Birdwoman had become the wife of Charboneau. The two embraced tenderly. And Sacajawea learned that the band of Indians which had been sighted several days before was her own tribe.

Then the Shoshone women, acting as guides and intercessors, brought their warriors to Lewis and Clark. In the council that soon followed, Sacajawea began to interpret the speech of the Chief and lo! to her joy, she found that she was translating her own brother's speech. The Indian girl's knowledge made possible further progress to friendship. The Indians furnished the explorers with horses and guides. The Shoshones passed the white head on to the Flatheads and they, in turn, passed it to the Nez Percés—the white head that assured friendly treatment to the party of Lewis and Clark.

In all councils with the Indians, Sacajawea was the chief interpreter. But not solely as interpreter was her presence invaluable. As the party passed from tribe to tribe, the sight of the Indian woman with her papoose told all comers that the explorers' was not a war party.

Of all the white men, Captain Clark seems to have engaged Sacajawea's special preferences. At Christmas, in the Clatsop camp, she presented him with two dozen tails of the white weazel. It is pathetic to read how, at a time when starvation seemed near, with almost too great loyalty to her Captain, she gave him the piece of bread she had somehow kept for a long time, intending it for her baby in case of extremity.

On the return trip the explorers found that the friends made through Sacajawea had remained faithful. The party did not at all times follow the route first traveled. They took new paths and sometimes felt themselves hopelessly lost, but Sacajawea always proved their deliverer. As a little child

she had come with her people through this country and with the keen sight of a migratory bird again pointed out the way.

When the expedition returned to the Mandan villages in the late summer, Charboneau decided to again take up his abode among these people, and Sacajawea remained with her lord and master. It is with a sense of burning injustice and a pang of regret that one reads of how Charboneau received five hundred dollars for his services but Sacajawea nothing at all, not even her freedom—a blot upon the memory of Lewis and Clark.

The last mention made of Sacajawea is in 1811, when

the traveler Breckinridge, sailing up the Missouri, records meeting an old Frenchman and his Indian wife who, he learns, had crossed the continent with Lewis and Clark. The woman seemed fond of white people, tried to imitate civilized ways in manners and dress, and in general appeared to have aspirations to something higher than slavery. She was, says the traveler, in feeble health. When or where this life, so interwoven with the immortal achievement of the Lewis and Clark expedition, came to a close no one can tell.

After a century the women who have crossed the plains in the wake of Sacajawea have erected to her memory a bronze statue made of copper from an Oregon mine and designed and executed by a woman, Miss Alice Cooper, of Denver, Colorado. This in part atones the early neglect of the one woman who led the way across the continent, through wilds and over mountains, and who will stand for generations a monument to woman's strong characteristics—love, devotion and self-sacrifice—exemplified in this simple maiden of the forest, Sacajawea.

You will be interested in knowing how THE AMERICAN GIRL came to have this story of Sacajawea. Some time ago, the Girl Scouts of Detroit wished to publish the story of Sacajawea in their Scout paper, *The Detroit Leader*. So their Local Director, Mrs. Primrose, wrote to the Girl Scouts of Portland, Oregon, and asked them for a photograph of the beautiful statue and for any interesting stories about the Birdwoman which they might know. The Portland Girl Scouts promptly sent to Detroit the photograph which you see upon the preceding page. And this story of Sacajawea, as you have it here, was found in Mary Osborn Douthit's book, *Souvenir of Western Women* (Anderson and Duniway, publishers).

The next thing that happened was when the Editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL wrote to Detroit for contributions to the magazine. Mrs. Primrose at once sent this story, which all the Detroit Girl Scouts had enjoyed. Whereupon the Editor wrote another letter (it is quite like the House that Jack built, isn't it?) and asked the Portland Girl Scouts to have their picture taken near the beautiful statue—the brave girl of yesterday and the girls of today who, too, have service as their ideal. And the Portland Girl Scouts, for their own Western issue of the magazine, which is this one, had their picture taken, and here it is too, for you!

So you see the letters and the photographs of Sacajawea have been speeding back and forth across the continent. Can you imagine what Sacajawea would have thought of this?



Portland Girl Scouts paying tribute to a brave girl of pioneer days

A Patriot Maid

The third installment of our serial in which our heroine's suspicions are aroused

By EMILIE BENSON
and
ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE



"You scarce brought those flowers for me!" cried Alexander, insolently
The Story so far:

SUSAN BREAKFASTS DONNE, a fourteen-year-old girl of Colonial times, had had her share of exciting adventures. At the approach of the enemy Hessians, she had been sent to her grandparents' on top of a wagonload of family valuables. At her grandfather's, she had heard many tales of his days with the brave General Washington and his forces.

But Susan was not so brave when her schoolmates laughed at her name. Then she wanted to run away! Most of all, she hated Alexander Allen and his rhymes about her. Alexander's father, loyal to the King, was no friend of Susan's grandfather, either. For Mr. Allen owed Grandfather Donne money which he refused to pay.

At a time of great anxiety lest the Hessians come upon them, Susan and her grandparents hear that her uncle has been hurt in an accident. Master Cyrus Midden brings them word, from the Colonial forces on the Delaware. Susan's grandfather and grandmother must go at once. But what is to be done with Susan.

"I will stay alone," said Susan bravely. Perhaps, if she could have foreseen what was to happen, she would not have spoken so. As it was, Mr. and Mrs. Donne realize the danger. Yet there is nothing else to do. And Susan is left behind.

Susan Breakfasts had never felt herself such a very little girl as she did after her grandmother and grandfather had turned into the lane and were lost to sight.

In vain she told herself that the farm was no bigger than it had been ere her grandparents went away. In vain she reminded herself that she was no baby but the eldest of five children, who soon would be a woman

grown. To her mind the house was bigger, the shadows were blacker than they had ever been in days gone by.

At first she thought she would not attend school, but when she had given the pig the buttermilk from the last churning, had fed the fowl, washed the breakfast dishes and made the beds, it was not eleven o'clock. The thought of school and companionship was suddenly welcome and she set out forthwith.

Beside the footpath the blades of grass were pushing up so stiff and sharp that they looked as if they would pierce the leather of her buckled shoes, but they felt soft under foot, and from the pools as she passed the shrill, cheery notes of the peepers rose to add their warning that spring

had come again. Late as she was already, Susan Breakfasts could not resist the temptation to wander as far as a little rocky wood where she gathered a bunch of hepaticas for Dame Truman. Then, ceasing to loiter, she pushed on to school, expecting to arrive there before the morning's work was over and to have an opportunity during the dinner hour to tell her teacher of her grandparents' journey.

But when she reached the schoolhouse a scene of confusion met her eye. Dame Truman carried the keys of the front door, of her own writing-table and of a small supply cupboard where chalk, ink, quills and such necessities were kept; and it was at once plain that she had not opened the school that day. Some of the larger boys led by Alexander Allen, had forced a window and through it they had taken out a form or two and now were conducting a mock school in the little yard.

Alexander seated on a stool on the top doorstep had usurped the position of teacher and, rod in hand, had been dealing out punishments liberally. At first, to wear a dunce cap in jest, or to take a few strokes on the palm given with the pretense of fury, had been fun enough. But Alexander had grown rougher as none opposed him, and the other children had begun to tire of the one-sided sport.

"Here comes Susan Breakfasts," one of the lads cried. "She's late, Alexander. Surely she should have a punishment."

"I shall attend to her in good time," Alexander replied pompously, "meanwhile do you step up here. I shall dust your jacket for speaking without raising your hand for permission."

A scuffle ensued during which Alexander was as good as his word, and in that moment Susan Breakfasts would have turned and run away had she any hope that she could escape. However, knowing that the big boys could out-run her, she came forward as calmly as possible, nerving herself to be brave.

Alexander had again mounted his stool and now frowned down upon her with an imitation of Dame Truman's severest manner. "Come hither, Susan Breakfasts Done," he said, "here's something new beneath the sun. For school you're late, you empty pate, and of my rod shall feel the weight." Then running short of rhymes, he ended: "Thou art late for school and no excuse shall avail thee."

"I'm not late for school," Susan Breakfasts said coldly, determined for once to hide her fear. "'Tis plain there's no school to be late to."

That Susan Breakfasts should face Alexander and reply to him, was so unexpected that the other children began to whisper to each other and Alexander cut the leg of his stool sharply with the rod.

"Silence!" he cried, "or I will deal with one and all of you as you deserve. If there is no school, why are you here? Answer me that, Mistress. You scarce brought those flowers for me."

Looking from the delicate spring blossoms to the sandy haired boy, who at that moment had a very dirty face, and with a hazy jumble of her conversation with Cyrus Midden sweeping through her mind, Susan Breakfasts took a step forward and held out her bouquet.

"Why not?" she asked simply.

At this a giggle broke out among the school children and Alexander felt his authority slipping from him. "Now then," he shouted, bent upon reestablishing his sway, "hold out your hand. Your punishment shall be doubled for your rudeness."

Susan Breakfasts put her hands behind her. "I'm not playing your silly game," she said contemptuously. "You'll have to answer for it to Dame Truman when she comes back."

"But she isn't coming back, Susan Breakfasts," a little girl cried from the crowd. "She's run away for fear of the Bloodybacks."

"And for that word you too will take a whipping, Myra Dance," Alexander announced. "This is a right loyal school, where all must be true in word and deed to good King George and his soldiers. My father saith that the British Army will shortly be here in force, and then you so-called Patriots will sign small!" Here

Alexander had hit on the one subject to unite his hearers against him.

A year previous, before the first British invasion of their colony, Jerseymen had been loath to leave their rich farms to fight. Their common idea was that if they did not meddle in the quarrel they would fare pretty well whoever won. If it was King George's forces—well, they had lived and traded under his Majesty aforetime and most like would be able to again. If the Patriots won, better yet. They would be rid of certain troublesome taxes, and doubtless the other colonies would welcome so rich an associate as this "garden of the new world!"

But now, a year later, no part of the state was ignorant of the depredations of the Hessians. They had swept through the occupied territory like a horde of locusts. They showed a marvelous ingenuity in discovering any valuables that had been hidden from them, and there was little of any worth that was too insignificant for some private to covet. If a grenadier couldn't carry with him a tall clock, he would have out its works and weights and heave them over a shoulder. A shirt with ruffles might be just one shirt too many, in which case he would cut away the laced ruffles and manage to button them within his clothing. Their appetite for food had passed into a proverb. "As hungry as a Hessian" meant that the platter would be polished, and no farmer expected aught but an empty farmyard after a Hessian raid. All this and more these children knew, till now they turned on Alexander.

"'Tis you who will sing small when you find, as others have before you, that Colonel Markham's Protections aren't worth the paper they're wrote on," Sim Ash growled. "Lay down that switch. We're tired of your playing to be our better and pretending to be teacher."

"You're a saucy rebel and I shall tell my father on you," was the best retort Alexander could find to make. "Colonel Markham is a very good friend to my father, and has wrote him a most personal permission."

"And much use it will be to him!" Gilly Martin declared. "My uncle at Middletown had a very fine Protection, with General Howe's own name wrote free and flourishly upon it; yet only yesterday his pigs were stuck on Hessian swords and carried away to Amboy—Faith, he said it was the swiftest butchery ever he saw."

"What's that you tell me?" Alexander gasped. "Hessians at Middletown yesterday? I must run to my father with this news." And he made



"Nay, sir," said Susan obstinately, "I'll sign naught till I've counted the coin"

off at the top of his speed, being glad thus to save his dignity for he realized that his reign as teacher was over.

The other children also soon turned homeward to carry the word that school was closed—till such time as Dame Truman got her courage back, and Susan Breakfasts was left to return to the farm alone.

Some instinct had kept her from telling any one that her grandparents had gone away, and as the farm lay quite a distance outside the little settlement, it was unlikely that their absence would be discovered. She told herself this as she approached the farm house. If every one believed that her protectors were there, wasn't it just the same as if they were there?

She was safe, absolutely safe. As to the Hessians there was little fear they would ever reach Freehold. She had heard her grandfather say as much. And then ahead of her, she saw that the farm house door was set wide.

Surely she had not left it like that? Surely she could not have been so careless? Her heart fluttered in her breast as she looked at the menacing black opening.

She remembered right well that she had turned the lock, taken out the key and slipped it behind one of the kitchen shutters. Some one was now within the house. And if any one was there it was probably a Hessian!

It was very quiet back of the nanny-berry and spice bushes, and the thought occurred to her that if the enemy had come it was just as possible they had gone away again. To test this notion she slipped around the pig-sty, but Porky was there alive and well. So then it probably wasn't the Hessians after all, for surely Porky would have been stuck ere this had it been. Again she crept near to the house, when in the doorway she espied the kitten.

At sight of her pet the idea of Hessians gained the ascendancy once more. What would a Hessian do to a kitten? Susan Breakfasts had no idea, but she felt quite sure that whatever it was the kitten wouldn't like it and nerved herself to attempt a rescue.

She crept as close as she could under the bushes, calling softly, but the little creature was perverse and would not heed. Finally, she was forced to make a dash in the open. Just as she swept the kitten up into her arms she heard a voice calling to her.

"Little girl," it said, complainingly, "little Donne girl, has your grandfather gone away? And if so where is your grandmother?"

With a gasp Susan Breakfasts realized that she had nothing to be afraid of. It was their Tory neighbor, Master Allen, come a-visiting.

She entered the house holding the kitten in her arms and looking entirely unperturbed, yet she had been so shaken by alarm that not until she was close to him did she remember that mannerliness demanded she drop a curtsy to Alexander's father. She spread her skirts and dipped politely, and Mr. Allen gave her a grudging nod.

"Who let you in my house, sir?" she asked, unable to



NEXT, IN OUR SERIAL

Susan's heart leaped! The Hessians! And now she was not only alone—she had a large sum of money on her hands. What should she do? What could she do? If only there were some one to help her! But there was no one. Don't miss what the fourth installment of "A Patriot Maid" will bring you, next month. And don't you agree that this serial, alone is worth a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL?

keep a note of resentment out of her voice. "I locked the door."

"And I unlocked it. You left your key where every yokel leaves his," Mr. Allen told her crisply. "I was not minded to sit on a stone till your return."

"Then, sir," said Susan Breakfasts with some shrewdness, "an' you were waiting for me you know my granddame had gone. For what did you wish to see me?"

"You're sharp for your years," Mr. Allen said disapprovingly. "Say rather that I feared your grandparents were gone than that I knew it."

"Why should you fear it, Master Allen?" Susan

Breakfasts was puzzled and very much perplexed.

"Because I've come to pay the money I owe and I am not minded to be put to such trouble a second time." With a wave of his hand Mr. Allen indicated two substantial canvas bags and one of a small size on the kitchen table beside him.

Now Susan Breakfasts had heard enough of what had passed between her grandparents to be quite sure they would be glad to have back their money without the long delays attendant upon a law suit, and she fastened her round eyes on the bags longingly. But she did not know the amount due her grandfather and saw naught that she could do to further the matter. Therefore she shook her head, albeit with regret.

"Tis too bad you came not earlier in the day, sir," she said. "My Uncle Ira is sore hurt, and the money no doubt, would have been more than usual welcome."

"Your Uncle Ira got what he deserved, if he was wounded when he was out with those pestilential rebels against the best of Kings." A network of red veins seemed of a sudden, to stand out on Mr. Allen's face and his brows drew down angrily. "He was wounded, was he not? In some rascally uprising?"

"Nay," Susan Breakfasts replied quietly, "a tree fell on him, sir."

"Oh, indeed!" Mr. Allen's suspicions colored his tone. "Blown down by the wind—from a cannon, no doubt!"

"I've heard naught of cannon since Trenton where we took a mort of them," Susan Breakfasts retorted. "Uncle Ira was felling a tree and it came over skew-wise, Master Allen."

"It matters not at all how he was hurt. Hurt he is!" snapped the visitor. "I've been at considerable trouble and expense to bring this money to your grandfather in his need. Having gotten it together with, as I said, much trouble, I am in no wise minded to be accountable for it again, to have Master Donne demanding it when 'tis least convenient, as though, forsooth, I carried such sums in my pouch."

"But Grandfather isn't here."

"No matter. You are. All I ask is a receipt from you to show that I turned the money over to you this day."

(Continued on page 47)



From twenty-five states, these Girl Scout leaders gathered in Chicago to make new plans for Scouting

At Our Chicago Convention

"YES, I am from Texas."
"Is that so? I am from Connecticut."

What a delightful thing "Convention" meant in Chicago! It meant making friends in every state where there is Scouting. It meant talking eagerly with these new friends of yours about what their Girl Scouts are doing and, in turn, telling them about the Girl Scouts in your home town.

Convention in Chicago meant meeting Mrs. Juliette Low, our Founder, and feeling that spirit of friendliness and that interest in every Girl Scout which is hers. Convention in Chicago meant talking with Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, our National Director. And all who were there wished very much indeed that it could have meant having with us our President, Mrs. Herbert Hoover. But since illness prevented her coming, we were made happy by her message in which she once more accepted the Presidency of the Girl Scouts, unanimously given her. The personal interest which she has constantly had in all parts of Scouting, the wealth of her broad experience means that Scouting will be the richer because of her continued association with us as our President.

Convention in Chicago meant becoming personally acquainted with many members of the National Board. It meant a cordial greeting from Miss Elizabeth Baker,

New friends, renewed inspiration, original ideas described and exchanged, and above all a deeper realization of what Scouting means to the girls of America—this was what our Convention week brought to all who were so fortunate as to attend

the Commissioner there, from Miss Emelia Thoor-sell, the Local Director, from the members of the Chicago Council whose delightful reception on the opening night was but the first of many acts of hospitality.

What happened at our Convention besides making friends? A great deal.

Perhaps this Convention was most like the troop meeting you have when you meet to decide how you are going to carry out some special Scouting plan. Who shall take part? How shall they be chosen? How much will it all cost? Where is the money to come from? These are the questions you ask. And such questions as these were discussed at our Convention in Chicago. With this difference—the "plan" of which the delegates thought was the whole of Scouting itself. Most of the particular questions were called "revision of the constitution," and our Convention delegates voted to make Scouting more democratic than ever before, to give to each part of the country an opportunity to help directly in the making of plans for us all.

Another most interesting part of our Chicago Convention was that in which those who came from our National Headquarters told of the work which they are doing there. Mrs. Rippin told of the growth of Scouting, of the many, many new girls who are joining us, more

now than ever before, of the many questions they ask of National Headquarters, which is one of the reasons why we so very much need those new Headquarters of ours, Mrs. Arthur Choate told us. We have quite outgrown the old ones!

During the entire Convention, the architect's pictures of these new headquarters of ours stood at the front of the room. Many were heard to say, "Our troops own troop bricks in that building." And as the delegates thought of all that these new Headquarters are to mean to the girls of America, they again and again expressed their purpose of helping in every possible way.

Dr. Elizabeth Kemper Adams, head of our Education Department, told us of the training courses for Girl Scout leaders which are being given in our colleges, another way in which Scouting will go with you when you have finished High School. Mrs. Frederick Edey and Mrs. Sybil Gordon Newell, Secretary of our Field Department, told of the plans for the Girl Scout Leader which is, as you know, the Captains' own magazine. Miss Louise Price, head of our Camping Department, told of the large number of Girl Scout camps which were started in 1923, and of the many which are planned for this summer. She told of our standards for making every Scout camp healthful and sanitary.

In the convention room was a booth where every one saw a familiar sight, *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Here were pictures and posters showing "The Making of Our Magazine." And when *AMERICAN GIRL* evening came, Miss Helen Ferris, the Editor, and Miss Alice Waller, the Business Manager, told of the plans which they have for making *THE AMERICAN GIRL* better than ever before. And they showed them how every one is in reality an "Assistant Editor" to our magazine. *THE AMERICAN GIRL* evening closed with a promise which is described in our Scribes' Corner and with a "stunt" given by Miss Ferris, Miss Waller and thirty-five Chicago Girl Scouts under the capable leadership of Miss Margaret Gear, the Chicago *AMERICAN GIRL* Chairman.

And the sessions when our delegates told of the work they have been doing in Scouting during the past year—if only we had space to give you every word. As each report was given, there came to all of us fresh inspiration in being part of so great a movement, one that stretches around the world.

How we should like to tell you every detail of the banquet and of every meeting and luncheon party which took place. But if your Captain or Local Director or Commissioner was there, ask her to tell you what she did. And begin now to make plans for sending your Captain to the next Convention which is to be in Boston.

Every day (since it was vacation week) Lydia was one of those busy with many things, running on errands for the delegates, taking telephone messages, doing anything by which they could be of service. These Convention aides were most helpful. Lydia's story tells us whether or not they enjoyed it.

That you might know how a real Girl Scout felt about this convention, we asked one of the Chicago Convention aides to write you of what she did. This is her story:

At the Girl Scout Convention

By LYDIA WOLFF

Troop 19, Chicago, Illinois

When I first heard I was to usher at a Convention—horrors!—to look meek and obedient while being ordered about by people with steel-gray eyes—that's what I thought I'd got into! Next I pictured myself becoming weaker and weaker from the strain of trying to carry out complicated, mumbled orders; of hurrying and scurrying here and there; and of listening to dry, uninteresting speeches. It is fortunate for me that to err is human—or just think what I might be!

In the first place I discovered that I wasn't expected to look meek: on the contrary, I was to look alive and full of energy, seeking for a place to be of service. This wasn't hard because you weren't ordered about. You were asked in such a way that it seemed a privilege to be of service. Secondly, you were not a bit rushed, orders were simple and exact. And the speeches were just lots of fun, all about getting money for our new National Headquarters, about camps, field work, uniforms, Girl Scout literature and *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

THE AMERICAN GIRL, by the way, had a booth of its own, where sample copies of the magazine were given away, subscriptions taken and pamphlets about the magazine were handed out. We stayed near *THE AMERICAN GIRL* booth all we could because we felt that it was ours. Miss Ferris, the Editor, and Miss Waller, the Business Manager, talked everything over with us and asked us what we liked best in the magazine. We told them we knew lots more Scouts are going to subscribe because it's getting so good.

And we had three of the cutest, darlinest, softest, fuzziest little mascots at the Convention! They were three little rabbits, about six or eight weeks old, whose mother had left them and who had been rescued by the campers at the Leaders' Training Camp of Illinois. Every one just fell in love with those little brown "balls of cotton."

The Convention banquet and the rally of the Chicago Girl Scouts were to climax this year's meeting. I liked it all so well that I'm sorry it is over, and I wish it might come again to Chicago so that I might usher for Mrs. Low, Mrs. Rippin, Mrs. Choate and all of the many other officers who attend our National Conventions.

This, then, gives you a glimpse of the Tenth Annual Convention of the Girl Scouts as it was held in Chicago in the Drake Hotel from whose windows the delegates could see the beautiful Lake Michigan.

Next year, our Convention is to be in historic Boston where the tradition of our earliest American pioneers is today lived again in the hearts of our New England Girl Scouts. Those who attended our Chicago Convention have returned to their homes with renewed inspiration for Scouting and all that it may mean in their home communities. They have taken back with them, too, many new ideas for our troop meetings and summer camps. And they have a new understanding of what, through our new National Headquarters, we all may give to those girls of America who have not, as yet, been able to enjoy Scouting.



Mrs. Herbert Hoover was unanimously reelected to the presidency of the Girl Scouts



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Let's Have a Field Day

By AGNES R. WAYMAN

ONE Girl Scout says to another, "Let's have a Field Day!" The other replies, "Yes, let's." Or two Captains say it to each other, then to some one else. And the first thing you know, all the Girl Scouts in your town or in two or three towns are planning a Field Day together, to meet in the early afternoon for games and races, followed by supper cooked outdoors. Or perhaps your Field Day is to be at camp with all the patrols taking part and every one having a jolly time with songs and cheers and many a good laugh.

When the great day comes, you can "hardly wait to get there." And when you are called for your event, what a moment that is! Being a Girl Scout, you wish most of all to be a "good sport."

But have you ever stopped to think just what a good sport is? I myself have thought of it hundreds of times as I have watched hundreds and hundreds of girls in their Field Days. I believe a good sport is a girl who does not think so much of winning as of having the best kind of a good time in all the games and events. You wish to win, naturally, or to have your patrol win. There wouldn't be much fun in a Field Day unless some one won. But the most important thing, after all, is that all the girls shall have a good time together, that whenever any doubt shall arise regarding a decision, you shall say, "Whatever the judges rule, is all right with me." A good sport knows that the finest attitude any girl can have is not that she shall win but that she shall do her best.

And that best does not mean that you shall try to break records. Many girls have overstrained themselves by attempting it. And more girls have spoiled the spirit of a Field Day by striving to break records than in any other way. This attitude takes away the fun of it all, makes everything seem so very serious.

A good sport does not attempt too many events. Nor does she enter the more strenuous track events without training and a physical examination. If, in your Field

Day, there are planned these more strenuous events of running, jumping, and throwing and your Captain tells you that you must have a heart and lung examination before you may enter them, this is the reason. These events place a greater strain upon your heart and lungs than do the more informal ones. And an examination is important to tell whether you are in physical condition to enter them. Do you remember how, in your Girl Scout camp last summer, all swimmers were asked to have such an examination before they went into the water? That was for the same reason. To make sure you were all strong enough to attempt swimming and, so, to avoid accidents if you were not. Yes, a good sport realized that a girl should not attempt what is beyond her strength.

Before your troop enters Field Day, talk over in your Court of Honor just what "success" in a Meet means to you. To me, success does not mean a high score or a championship won or records broken. It means that we shall all be stronger, in better health because we have had this good time together. It means that every member of every troop shall have taken part in something during the afternoon. It means that in our sports you have shown those same Girl Scout ideals which you repeat in your laws. That you shall be happier girls because of your Field Day with your friends—not that you shall come home out-of-sorts because some other girl or some other troop won, or exhausted because you entered too many events.

Should you like to know what kind of program is especially good for girls? It is difficult to give one program for every troop because some girls have had more physical training than others and can, therefore, enter the more strenuous events. But there are certain events which girls who have not had special physical training may safely enter. Especially because a Field Day is a larger thing than a Track Meet, the latter includes only the more formal kind of events such as running, jumping, and throwing. A Field Day may include (in addition

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Mrs. Juliette Low, our Founder, at the Chicago Convention

Come to the Chicago and Cook County Rally

By HELEN FERRIS

And the time arrives for the program by the Girl Scouts themselves. There are the Glee Club girls, singing in such a way as to make us all wish to join a Glee Club at once. And games! What would a Girl Scout rally be without games? An exciting Clock Game, closely contested, "We won't go home until morning"—if only every one could play them this minute! But a ballad is starting—Robin Hood and the Tanner. This is a real adventure ballad, we find, with the challenges sung and re-sung by the Girl Scouts taking part.

Now Mrs. Low is to speak to us. We gather closely about her that we may not miss one word. She greets us and tells us of her joy when she can be with Girl Scouts. She is happy to be in Chicago, she says, because her own family were among the earliest settlers there. And she has many exciting stories to tell us of those days—of Indian raids, of the pioneer adventures of her aunts and uncles among the Indians. We are more than sorry when Mrs. Low finishes.

But we think the tableaux which are next on the program are most appropriate. These tableaux are called "The Pioneers." Indians, our Pilgrim fathers, Daniel Boone, a pioneer family, these are shown to us, in succession. Last of all, the Girl Scouts, the pioneers of today. And while our thoughts are still upon today's pioneers, Mrs. Choate and Miss Baker come forward to honor a number of Girl Scouts who have proved themselves worthy.

Community Service pins are awarded to Marion Barnes, Lieutenant, Troop No. 36, Mrs. Mary Thompson, Captain, Troop No. 59, Elizabeth Page, Troop No. 1, Evanston, Ill.; Marion Mac Kinnon, Troop No. 1, Althea Northam, Troop No. 1, Wilmette, Ill.; Mrs. E. J. Powers, Marjorie Powers, La Grange, Ill. Medals of merit to May Klebba, Troop No. 51, Julia Lent, Troop No. 68, Dorothy Smith, Troop No. 68, and Caroline Klug, Troop No. 1, Glen Ellyn, Ill. And Golden Eaglets to Lauris Baldwin, Troop No. 23, Iris Boulton, Troop No. 1, Evanston, Ill.

COME to the Rally given by the Chicago and Cook County Girl Scouts. It is being held the last day of Convention week in one of the largest armories of Chicago. Girl Scouts and Girl Scouts and Girl Scouts, Captains in every direction you look! But no wonder more than two thousand of them are here for Mrs. Juliette Low, our Founder, is with us and is to speak to us.

Up in the balcony sit all the delegates to the Convention, come to see what the Girl Scouts of the Middle-west can do. Down in front, with Mrs. Low and Miss Baker, the Chicago Commissioner, are Mrs. Rippin, Mrs. Edey, Mrs. Choate and Miss Martin of the National Board together with members of the Chicago Council. All are waiting for the signal, soon given by Miss Emelia Thoorsell, Local Director of Chicago.

Colors, the Scout promise. And all troops join in the song to Mrs. Low. A representative of Chicago's Mayor brings us His Honor's greetings. Miss Baker introduces us to each member of the National Board and Mrs. Rippin, our Director, tells us how glad she is to be with us.



These are the only baby rabbits who have ever attended a Girl Scout convention! Deserted by their mother, they were rescued at the Gray's Lake leaders' training course. Mrs. Bertha C. Cady, our new Nature Lore friend, has since cared for them. They are here seen with three of our Chicago Scout Convention aides. The rabbits are now on their way to Camp Andree where they will be freed as soon as they are old enough





"Grizzly" (alias Miss Vaal Stark) who is the able director of Camp Chaparral and our Girl Scout Regional Director in California

A Camp as Good-as-a-Dream

In California's Camp Chaparral, you turn into a humming bird or a butterfly!

By DARE STARK McMULLIN

JUST suppose it is the first day of vacation, a good green-smelling day, and you have buttoned three ginger snaps into your pocket and tucked an apple into your sleeve above the cuff, and slid your pet book (*Mowgli* or *Robin Hood* or whichever takes you "out to sea" quickest) under your middy blouse, and tightened your belt so the book won't fall out, and have gone out to climb up your pet apple tree or pine tree or willow tree, whichever has been waiting for you while you've been busy growing up and being educated. And suppose after you have read awhile, just long enough to have slipped out of your every-day bread-and-butter tie-up-your-shoe-string self, you begin to feel the pleasantness of your tree and its purring, sheltering leaves. And suppose you begin to know that thrilling feeling that you can't get out of any book—or put into one—of belonging in exactly the place you are and no other, instead of its belonging to you.

And suppose you begin to dream about what fun it would be always to stay there, even to sleep there and never come to that awful time-to-leave-the-picnic feeling. Not to have lots of clothes or other things to pick up and put away. Not to have to come in to a table but only to arrange your own food and clean your own plate. To lean against a tree trunk when you feel like leaning. To wash your face out of a stream. To kindle your own fire when you want to warm your shins. To unroll your bed in your own little nest when the dark comes. To wake up when the birds do for the same reason, because the sun is getting your feathers warm. To flit about all the day busy as a chipmunk or as still and for the same reasons, because you are full of energy

and must do something about it or because you are too comfortable for words and must think about it! And suppose you could fill your green place with all the people you like best and *they*—oh, marvelous—like to do the same things you do. Wouldn't you be almost sorry every time you saw the Dipper swing into place and Cassiopeia prick into sight like pin-writing because you were that much nearer coming out of your dream?

But it's true. There is exactly that sort of place, with people doing that sort of thing. Only the place is lovelier and statelier and kindlier than anything you could imagine for yourself and the people say they have more fun there than they ever thought they could have anywhere. And if ever you can persuade your family that they need to come and dabble in the Pacific, you can see this camp for yourself. Because of course it is a Girl Scout Camp. And its name is Chapparral.

Did you ever see a redwood tree? It is one of the oldest and tallest and rarest things in the world. In California, near old Monterey but in a "Big Basin" of the mountains, is a grove of them turned into a state park. Redwoods soar away so high that you don't see their tops at all and even sunlight has to come climbing down in stripes. But underneath, in this camp of dreams-come-true, you would find it all soft and warm and friendly and sweet smelling and full of delicately growing things.

And here you could build a nest all your own, just as all the Girl Scouts at Camp Chapparral built *their* nests, last summer. For wherever an old redwood has been cut down, a little circle of baby redwoods springs around his stump and makes the most perfect little nests you

can think of. And if you can't find a ready-made nest for yourself, you can twist a little more brush into the sidewalls of a little clearing you make in the chaparral (which is Spanish for *brush*). You will wish to leave a little opening for a door and hang your wall pockets on a twig and pin your mirror and mess kit to a log and there! a nest for yourself at Camp Chaparral.

And when you hear that it just doesn't rain in California during July and August, you grin and say, "I'll sleep in my nest. Why have a tent?" And you will have guessed right in one thing. We don't have any tents in Chaparral! You don't ever need to wet your finger, last thing at night, to tell whether the rain wind is coming. The only tent there is, is one for potatoes and bags of sugar and fruit and things, not perishables so much as stealables with our thieves the 'coons and chipmunks and other born Scouts that never learned the first law. But you won't sleep in your nest, either, but in a line of other "critters" of your own size, with your poncho under, not over you.

During the day, you have all the camp to run about in, with its hand-made steps and washing places and camp-fire circles and council place and no other thing in the great woods around you which has not been made by your own hands and feet. Even outside the camp, there are only woods to walk and climb in, and the only intruders (uninvited!) are apt to have four legs with neat little calf-shaped hoofs on them. Ever see a deer-print? It's much more exciting than any movie! Yes, these are our visitors, with horns on their heads instead of hats and preferring cookies to any kind of conversation.

As soon as you get to our California camp, you find your own name witched away! If you are from ten to eleven years old, you are Mary Hummingbird. If you are twelve to thirteen, you are Milly Butterfly. If you are fifteen, you know enough to be an Owl. And if you are a Lieutenant from seventeen to twenty-one, you are half an animal, and so a Bat. And you sleep in the Little Nest, the Cocoon, the Big Nest or the Battery, according to what you are. Nor can you find any Miss This or Director That or Nurse the Other, during the day, no matter how high any one's camp necktie flutters about you.

If you cut your finger, you run to Grey Squirrel. If you want some advice about how much sugar or salt to put in, you ask Coyote. And if anything else bothers you at all, you go down to the Cave and talk it all over with Grizzly Bear and you wonder why you thought anything was the matter! But still you feel like explaining it, anyway. If you think up a stunt or a song, you rush around to Coon and tell her breathlessly and help her paw out the property tent to see whether the costumes are suitable or if Rat will need to dye some more cheesecloth. And you will soon learn the other

natives of Camp Chaparral, natives who, in some camps, would be called 'counselors' but who here all answer comfortably to such names as Red and Silver Fox, Elk, Bushrabbit, Faun, Waterdog, Mole, Beaver, Roadrunner, Thrasher, Woodpecker, and Horntoad. And on the day when you must leave, it is quite likely you will say to some long-dressed lady, "Will you please tell me your name? I never heard it!"

For the two or four or six weeks that you are in Camp Chaparral (stay as long as you can!) you will do as much for yourself as if, almost, you were a permanent little animal in the woods. Almost, I say, because you don't

have to hunt for your own food. But you do take your turn, with your patrol, in preparing it. Coyote, who waves her magic spoon over the big, borrowed outdoor stove three times a day (and being herself a Scout who was never known to be cross) makes suggestions at the right minute. But you do the real cooking yourself and serve it to your fellows.

Then, be you cook for the day or mere eater, you take your used mess kit and your knife and fork and rinse them in line in "Beaver's Buckets." You take your part in tidying camp and your own nest, every day. You have "time off" every day to read or write or talk or scrub or just rest. The working time of the day you spend in your own chosen club work, making trails or steps or shelves and clearings if you are a pioneer; or baskets and nets and knitted things if you are handcraft;

and learning songs and ballads and plays if you are dramatic.

Every so often, you go—unexpectedly—for a tramp into the woods. And once before you leave us, you are allowed to choose, by groups, the one thing you most want to do, whether it is exciting like a moonlight walk or hospitable like a camp party. Every day you take a swim or a "tub" in the bath tent, in the coldest water in California—hooray for the dinner cowbell after that! And every evening, around the camp-fire, comes Court of Honor, with the Animals, like the Wolves around the Council Rock in the Jungle Book, looking on, and every last patrol leader, even the almost invisible Hummingbird, reporting and advising on camp affairs, with amazing sagacity. Then the fun with something deliciously comic! New entertainers every night—one night maybe all the Bettys give a stunt. Sometimes it is the well-rehearsed English ballad (cheers for Minnesota!) sometimes a play, sometimes living pictures, sometimes an impromptu side-splitting circus, with every critter acting as her own wits prompt her.

Sometimes it is a just-right-for-scouts visitor, who already knows one thing you have been studying out for yourself. Once it is the kind, quietly enthusiastic Park Warden, and you go off to your blankets after the Good

(Continued on page 37)



The only camp intruders who have four legs with neat little calf-shaped hoofs on them



**NATIONAL
HEAD-QUARTERS**

This Is Our Troop Brick

Troop _____ of _____

Captain _____

Address _____

To be sent to
The Troop Brick Committee
c/o Mrs. Frederick Edey
189 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

Last Call for Troop Bricks!

*If you wish to own a Troop Brick in our
new National Headquarters, work quickly.
It must be sent in before July first.*

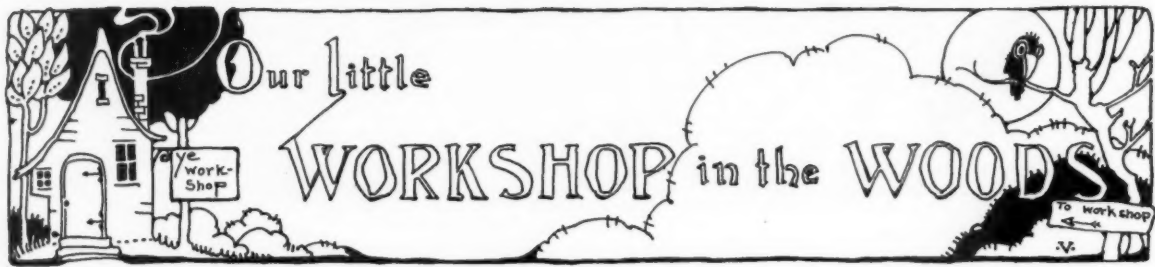
How to buy a Troop brick
Troop bricks are easy to buy. Ten cents from each troop member and officer and yours is bought! Your own, your troop's gift.

It's fun, too
Ask your Captain to pin this page on the wall of the room where you hold your troop meeting. Then hurry, scurry, earn your ten cents. Hurry, scurry to troop meeting.

Forward, Troop Brick
When every one has paid her money, hurry, scurry, your Captain will fill in the brick at the top of this page and send it with the money to the Troop Brick Committee.

Over 14,000 Girl Scouts own Troop Bricks. More than \$1400 has already been sent in for Troop Bricks which means that more than 14,000 Girl Scouts own Troop Bricks in our new National Headquarters.

Buy Yours Before July First



COME to our little Workshop in the Woods! We have just finished building it, away, deep in the woods, and we are tremendously proud of it. To get to it, you must follow a saucy, tripping little trail—watch it, watch it, it will hide! Don't forget to bring along your knife but leave behind everything else you possibly can.

You are invited. Your best friend is invited. In fact, every Girl Scout is invited. And even though our Workshop is as big-as-a-minute (see for yourself, in the picture at the top of the page), that doesn't matter. For we are going to be out in the woods, anyway, looking for the best kind of branches to make—there! we haven't told you what we are going to make.

Our little Workshop in the Woods is for making all kinds of fascinating things out of materials we find right at our woodsy door. Pretty things for your Girl Scout cabin or your room at home. Useful things that will be just the thing for camp.

And, if you wish, as soon as we have decided what we are going to make today, you may take your materials and climb up into our tree-house. Yes, there it is, up among the branches. If you dream a little, up there with the leaves, no one will mind so long as you don't cut yourself.

We are going to make broilers and toasters, today—they are the same thing, really. And we are going to make forks for our outdoor cooking. Who wants to carry store toasters and forks on a Girl Scout hike or camping trip? Not we! It's lots more fun to make our own as we go. And, besides, it's lots more campish! Besides, each of us can make hers to suit herself. If I wish to have a long handle on mine, I may. And you may have a short handle on yours, if you aren't afraid of burning your fingers when you use it.

There is another thing that is ever so nice about our little Workshop in the Woods. Our good friends come to visit us here and to give us suggestions. Here is Mr. Charles F. Smith who has given us ever so many ideas from his book, *Games and Recreational Methods*. He will tell us what kind of wood to choose in order to make the best kind of toasters.

"We must be very careful when we choose the woods with which we are to make our broilers," says Mr. Smith. "As you may see from the pictures on this page, the saplings we use must bend without breaking. Then, too, they must not taste bitter and must not burn below the broiling temperature. I recommend: ash, beech, elm, ironwood, maple, sassa-

fras, sweet gum. Avoid poisonous woods including: laurel, poison ivy, poison oak, poison sumach, rhododendron."

And here is another good friend of ours, Mr. E. Laurence Palmer of Cornell University with his Rural School Leaflet under his arm. He will tell us what to do after we have selected our wood. "A most excellent broiler or toaster can be made by cutting some deformed sapling and twisting the forked branches into a loop. The space in the center of the loop may be filled by weaving in the trimmings that you have made from the sapling. Such a device, if made from green wood, will be most satisfactory for broiling meat over a live fire or for toasting bread over the embers."

And now for our forks! Here is a picture of how mine will look when I have finished it. Don't you want to make one, too? Mr. Palmer says, "There is not the slightest excuse for a real Girl Scout to load herself up with a fork to use in eating or in turning her meat. A slender green stick that is straight can be made into a most satisfactory fork in a few seconds. Cut the stick to the length you desire. Whittle one end to a long, tapering point. Split the whittled end lengthwise, back for a few inches, and hold the split ends apart by inserting a chip of wood between them. This should supply you with a fork that will meet all needs."

Now that we have them ready, these toasters and broilers of ours, why not build the fire we see across the way and cook our meal, right here? We will watch carefully, so that the fire shan't spread and is surely out, when we leave. Then next time, our little Workshop in the Woods will still be here and we shall make—but that is the secret and even the leaves won't tell you!

Or perhaps, speaking of secrets, we shall whisper to each other, as the sun goes down, that we wish to build a log-cabin fire, that we may sit around it and tell stories. Again our friend Mr. Palmer, tells us how.

"Another way of starting a fire is to build a sort of log-cabin of small sticks. Fill the center of the 'cabin' with fine material, and lay over its top material which will start easily. This method will be a good one if you start your fire with friction, since you can toss your burning tinder into the cabin and then add the other material quickly. A fire started by the log-cabin method may develop into one of many types. Sticks placed irregularly over the cabin may burn down so that you have what is sometimes called a 'criss-cross fire'; or you may pile the sticks regularly so that they all meet in a sort of cone or wigwam, and then you will have what some call a 'wigwam fire.'"



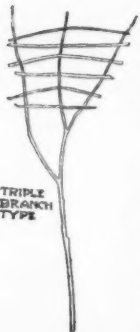
DOUBLE FORK TYPE



FORK TYPE



TWO STICK TYPE



TRIPLE BRANCH TYPE



TWO FORK TYPE



Our Outdoor Cooking Page

Cheese Recipes to Suit Your Taste

Cheese Dreams

Sent by MRS. J. E. THOMSON

Captain, White Rose Troop, Fallbrook, California

Slice bread to a medium thickness and spread thinly with butter. Sprinkle one slice thickly with grated cheese or with cheese thinly sliced. Salt and pepper to taste. Cover with slice of plain bread and butter. Press the slices firmly together. Lay upon a grate over a hot bed of coals. (The toasters made in the little Workshop in the Woods could also be used.) When one side has browned turn it over. When the whole is well toasted, remove from fire and eat while still warm. The cheese will be melted and the combination of toasted bread and cheese is delicious. Crackers may be used in the same way.

Tomato Cheese on Toast

Sent by MRS. HARRIET L. JUHRE

Commissioner, St. Paul, Minnesota

Amounts given for a patrol of eight. One cup tomato juice (strain tomatoes to 1 cup). One cup bread crumbs. One cup cheese cut in small pieces. One tablespoon butter, salt and pepper to taste. Cook until whole is melted together and of even consistency. Serve on toast.

Cheese Bobs

For cheese bobs, you will need ordinary cooking cheese and bacon. Squares of cheese are completely covered with bacon and roasted on the end of a sharpened stick—so that the amount of cheese and bacon which you take will depend upon the number of squares you wish. These squares should be $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches each way. Two strips of bacon are placed about one square of cheese. Roast in your fire till the bacon is cooked. By that time, the cheese will have cooked to a delicious consistency.

Egg Surprise enough for eight

Heat four cups milk in a double boiler, add four eggs beaten with a fork, add one half teaspoon salt and cook until mixture coats spoon and serve on buttered toast.

Our Favorite Outdoor Fire

Approved by the California State Forestry Department

By MRS. J. E. THOMSON

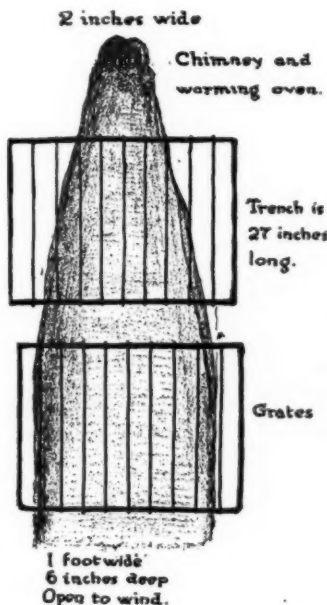
*Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a living bow,
You can build a fire without it,
Girl Scouts will show you how.*

When we hike into the Happy Hills, we leave our axes at home. Cooking in pairs, the "grater" Scout carries a grate, the other, a garden trowel. These grates we obtained from old oil stove ovens. They are small, measuring eleven by twelve inches, light and just the right size to carry in our knapsacks.

When mess time comes, each girl has her special task. One tests the air for the direction of the wind. Others clear the fire site of leaves and sticks. The Patrol Leader (or each "trowel" girl) unpacks the trowel and marks off the fire place. The size of the fire place varies, of course, according to the amount and the variety of the food to be cooked. We usually make ours about 27 inches long, a foot wide at the mouth and tapering to a width of two inches at the other end. The wide end faces the wind. At the widest part, it is made about six inches deep and slopes, very gradually, to nothing at the upper end.

The dirt is carried away and the top of the trench is carefully smoothed. If the ground is too hard to dig into deeply enough, we pile flat rocks along the trench to raise the sides. The fire is then built and when it has died down to a red bed of coals, we put on our grates and—sizzle, sizzle, fry, fry. The chimney or narrow part of the trench makes a splendid warming oven and keeps things piping hot. This is a good fire for wind, rain, or sunshine. It is a safe fire, too, and one which is pleasing to a "Forestry Bug" with no green side logs to send irritating smoke into one's face. In short, it is a good fire to "tie to," as the cow boy says.

NOTE.—Mrs. Thomson has also sent us an excellent suggestion concerning the making of outdoor fires with "green" logs. A Girl Scout should always keep the welfare of our forests at heart. She should never unthinkingly destroy.—EDITOR.



Games

Every One Likes

Be the girl who can say, "I know a good game". Try these at your next party, on your hikes, around your camp-fires

By CHARLES F. SMITH

Photographs of Girl Scouts taken especially for "The American Girl"

SOME games require a great deal of space, others a great deal of preparation or a large number of people. The special advantage of these games and those that are to appear on this Game Page in other issues of THE AMERICAN GIRL is that they fit into any occasion. They are all played by two people, "Duel Contests." They require very little space, almost no "equipment." They can be played by old and young. Try them out. Learn the directions. Then you will have an asset as a hostess or guest, for you will never be at a loss for a good game. Next month, we shall give you two more. And if you wish all of them, together, you will find them in Mr. Smith's new book, *Games and Recreational Methods* (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

Shoulder Shove

This game is recommended for those who think they can keep their balance under all circumstances. It is a test of beauty and grace. But all dignity must be left behind. Because if you try to keep it, beware of a downfall!



Shoulder Shove



Friendly Enemies

It is a variation of the old game, "Cock Fighting," adapted for gentler playing. The only equipment needed is a piece of chalk, a floor space on which you can draw a circle, not too large, and two contestants.

The players take the position illustrated, outside the circle. They may hop on whichever foot they prefer. At the starting signal, they hop into the ring and with their shoulders try to shove each other out of the ring or off balance. It is a foul to lift the arms from the body or to put both feet down upon the floor. At a foul, the other contestant wins the game, although it is fun to continue until one has been shoved from the circle or off balance.

Friendly Enemies

The contestants are blindfolded and stand with their left hand clasped and their feet together, as illustrated in the picture. Each holds in her right hand a soft "swatter" such as a stuffed stocking or a roll of paper.

A starts calling to B, "Where are you, friend?"

Then, without releasing her grasp or withdrawing her foot, B quickly gets into any position she chooses. Holding this position without moving an inch, B answers, "I'm here."

A immediately strikes at the spot from which the voice came. If she succeeds in hitting her "friendly enemy" on the head, she receives one point. Then B asks the question and when A answers, tries to hit her. They continue for about two minutes and the one wins who hits oftenest.

This game can be highly recommended for any occasion for it is very amusing to see the contestants repeatedly hitting space. It can also be played by having the players clasp hands and then lie down.

OUR PUZZLE-PACK

Introducing Puzzle Jack

But what shall we call his young companion?

GIRL SCOUTS, this is Puzzle Jack. He has come to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* because so many of you have requested a Puzzle Page. He will personally conduct all puzzle enthusiasts through the puzzling paths of Puzzledom. Puzzle Jack has more Girl Scout puzzles up his sleeve than you can imagine! But what shall we call his charming young friend who is to be with him in many of his problems and adventures? Look at her closely. Think of a good name for her. Then send it before July 15th to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. For the best name, we shall award *Peter Puzzlemaker*, a whole book of fascinating puzzles by George Carlson, who has made Puzzle Jack for us.

The Campers' Puzzle

Now that the camping season is here, it is quite natural that Puzzle Jack and his young companion (whom you are going to name) should happen to come along through the cool shady woods where a troop of Girl Scouts have put up their camp. The girl with Puzzle Jack has not yet become a Girl Scout, as you can plainly see, and so Puzzle Jack is telling her of the delights of camping and has mentioned the various things that are necessary in a Girl Scout camp.

On the board to which he is pointing he has arranged some letters and if you begin at certain ones and move as a King does in chess, to an adjoining square in any direction, you will spell out the names of at least fifteen articles. Apparently there are no campers in sight to help Puzzle Jack's friend solve the puzzle. But look closer and you will find that two of them are concealed in the picture.

Last Month's Puzzles

How many guessed them correctly? The answer to the first tree puzzle is: **POPLAR**. The answer to the second tree puzzle is: **HICKORY**. The answer to the bird puzzle is: **KINGFISHER**.

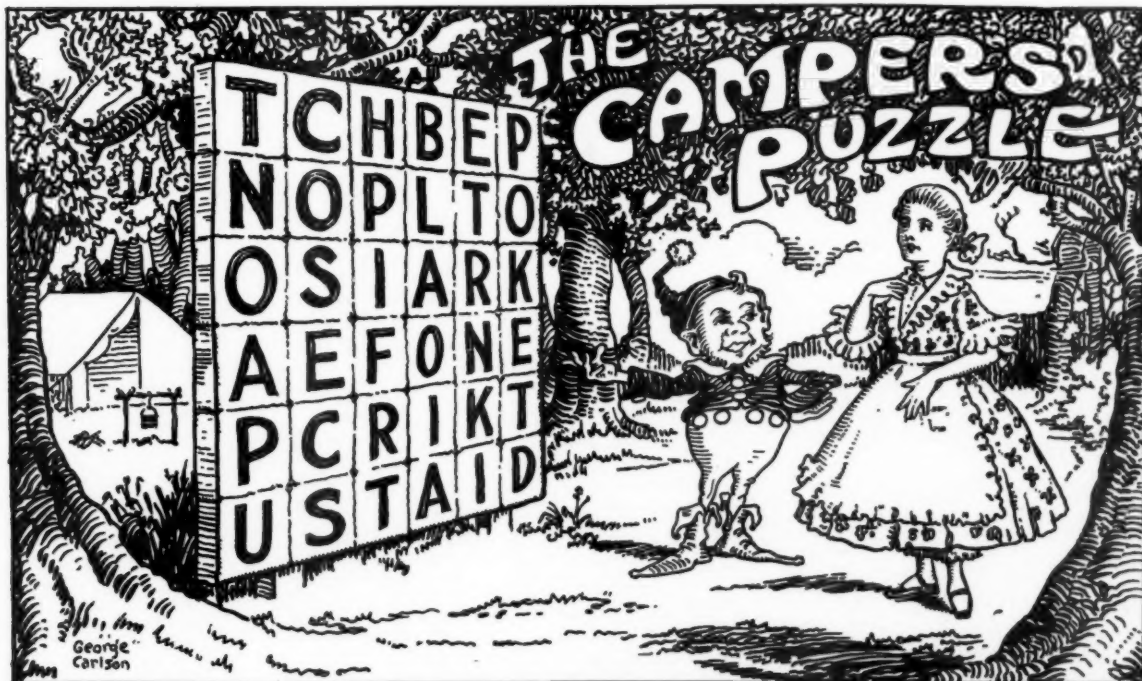
Next Month's Puzzle

Next month, we shall give you the answers to the Campers' Puzzle and the other, besides having for you a Girl Scout Star Puzzle. Send us the puzzles you yourself write or draw. We shall publish the best on this page with Puzzle Jack's Pack.

A Flower Charade

By BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY.

My first is short for brother John,
My next within but not without,
My third an "article" oft used, no doubt,
My fourth to place a Bible on,
My whole a merry monk of spring.



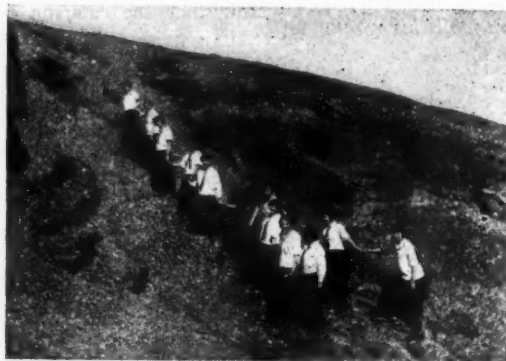
Send us your name for Puzzle Jack's companion.

Girl Scouts from the Land W

Here they are in Arizona, California, Idaho, Mo



ABOVE—Girl Scout gardens mean good gardens in Pacific Grove, California



ABOVE—Up, up the mountainside when you hike with our Belt, Montana Scouts



ABOVE—Starts from esto, California for Chaparral, with the K Club as "translation"



RIGHT—When it's wash day, every girl in our Butte, Montana camp sets to with a will



ABOVE—The first Scout leaders training held in a camp at M Springs

BELOW—Real woodsmen, knowing, loving, caring for our forests—these are Ogden, Utah Girl Scouts



ABOVE—It may be a rocky climb but our Nampa, Idaho Girl Scouts say it is worth the effort

and Where the West Begins

ab Montana, Oregon, Utah and Washington



Starts from Mod-
alifornia for Camp
al, with the Kiwanis
"transformation hosts"



ABOVE — Lewistown,
Montana Scouts
passing Pioneer pro-
ficiency work with a
successful dinner



ABOVE — Sunshine,
flowers, and a River-
side, California Scout
with her Captain



— The first Oregon
leaders training course
a camp at McCredie



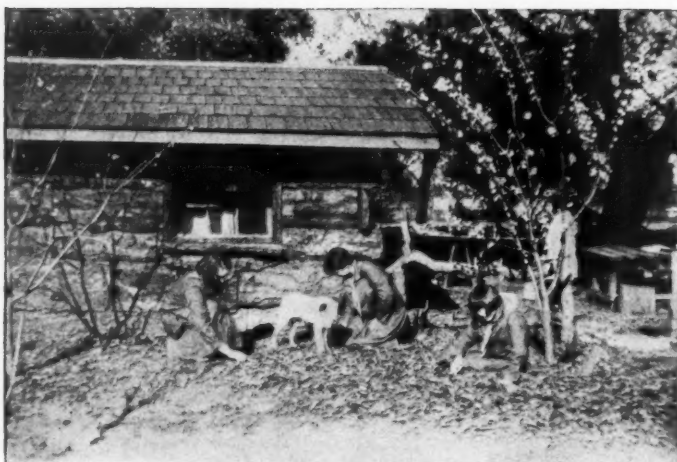
LEFT — This
Hemet, California
burro may look
sleepy but his
Scout friend is
not deceived

BELOW—A hint for your July
Fourth parade — a "Compass
Float" designed in Tacoma,
Washington



ABOVE — This delightful bun-
galow says, "Come in, for I be-
long to the Santa Barbara, Cali-
fornia Scouts"





Palo Alto, California Girl Scout cabin

Greetings to our western girls

From us all

To you, Girl Scouts in Arizona, California, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Utah and Washington come the greetings and best wishes of all of us. We are grateful to you for the pictures and news you have sent us of your Scouting and once more we are regretful because we have not been able to use every word of it. For we are very proud of you and what you are doing.

"The American Girl"

At Convention

When a magazine goes to convention, it is a real event. You will all be happy to know that THE AMERICAN GIRL attended the Tenth Annual Convention of the Girl Scouts in Chicago. And so cordially was she received by the delegates that they promised to do their level best to secure over 1,300 subscriptions by June first. And so enthusiastic were these same delegates over our Contest Idea (you know, the kind like the Oranges and Montclair, and Dayton and Charleston had) that various challenges were extended. You can imagine the Editor's and the Business Manager's delight when several Local Directors said, "We are going to have an American Girl Contest, too." Watch for these contests. And challenge another town, too, if you wish.

A Girl Scout cabin

Palo Alto, California

The adorable cabin which you see on this page makes us wish to build one just like it, doesn't it? Especially after reading the description of it, sent us by Miss Vaal Stark. If you are interested in building your own cabin, the booklet, *Camp Buildings and Scout Shelters* (price 15 cents)



A joyous hike, a lovely lake and Whitefish, Montana Girl Scouts for comrades

Girl Scout News

Broadcast

SCRIBES'

may be obtained from the Boy Scouts, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The following is what you would see were you to visit Palo Alto:

If you took just such a cabin as might grow up on the border-end of a Covered Wagon Trail around a Covered Wagon family, and shrank it down to Scout-size; and if you picked it up and set it down in a back garden of a delicious wandering brown Palo Alto bungalow, under a huge live oak tree; and if you faced it toward a big soft-grassed open lot, and fenced it all around with a crazy quilt stick fence, and planted stepping-stones of smooth-ended logs into the paths about it, so only their round faces lay upward, and if you nailed up deerhorns to hang Scout hats and coats on at the door, and tucked the spring bulbs and hollyhock roots and marigold plants against the walls, and left a secret nook in the rough bark logs of the doorway to hide the key from every one in the world but the Scout owners; and if you hung up at each little high window a yellow checked curtain, and set around the hearth all the exciting little pots and spiders and trivets on legs that Molly Wingate might have cooked with,—if you do all this and have about you that touch of genius that comes of loving girls, you may have just such a meeting place as the lucky Mariposa troop of Palo Alto to bicycle and skate to after school. The little cabin, so perfectly scaled down that you want to move in first and only on second thought realize you don't know where Alice-in-Wonderland's shrinking mushroom grows nowadays—was built for their two little girls by a teacher of art and his wife, both rather wonderful people who build and remake their own house about as casually and probably more successfully than you would remake one of your dresses. Inside is table and cupboard and chair and rug just right for the many uses of busy Scouts on rainy days. Outside, and of course most meetings are outside, is a big strong table almost swept by the oak-boughs, with Peter Pan seats of just logs to sit about it. Just outside the crazy-quilt fence, under a crazy-quilt archway, is another circle of—this time lying down logs, and in the center an old iron crane-pot on a chain and a deep pile of ashes. Know what that means? Well then I won't tell you! But I will tell you that next time you come to California, and your family drives up to take a picture of Stanford University, you come down into town, and slip in the back way and perch on any one of the logs and see what comes out of the pot!

Desert Nature Lore

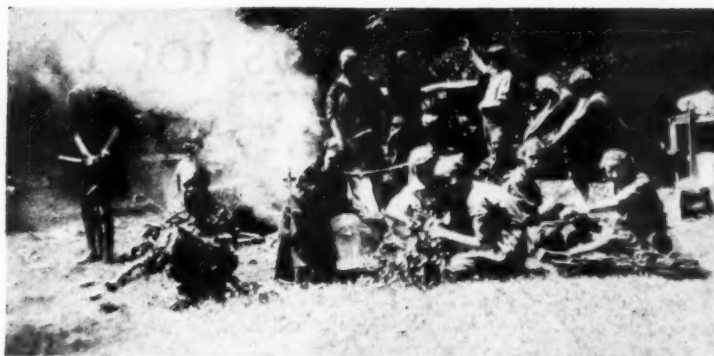
Phoenix, Arizona

Each part of this wonderful country of ours has its own distinctive beauties with which to charm our rambles. The picture on page three shows our Phoenix Scouts beside a giant cactus. How many of you have ever seen a giant cactus?

From Everywhere

Through our

CORNER



Aberdeen, Washington, Scouts learning to live outdoors

Homemakers honored by their state

Sidney, Montana

Every one knows that Scouting means far more than good times out-of-doors, important as those are. Scouting means Home Service, given each year by thousands of girls. Scouting means the development of the finest kind of home makers, so we are proud to tell you of the recognition given by her state to one Girl Scout. "Charlotte Imes and Louise Adams of Sidney represented the State of Montana at the Sioux City, Iowa, and the Helena, Montana, state fairs," writes their Captain.

"These girls were the best home economics demonstrators in the sewing club of Montana. And as a result of this work, Charlotte was awarded second place and has received a three year scholarship in any of the colleges of Montana which she may select.

Notable scholarship

Orange, California

Scouting means, too, that Girl Scouts are trying in every way to make their lives worthwhile.

Dr. Adams visits Hollywood, California

The scholarship record of our girls in Orange, California, tells its own story. "There were 600 pupils in our High School last year," writes an Orange, California Captain, "and out of that number forty-five were on the Scholarship Honor Roll. Out of the forty-five, our Girl Scouts number sixteen. Our High School principal says that the Scouts have set a standard of scholarship and wholesome girlhood that has made itself felt throughout the school."

Real pioneers

San Diego, California

Our San Diego, California girls are our true pioneers. For over six years, they have had Scouting and now are the proud occupants of a picturesque building in Balboa Park. Congratulations, San Diego.

Our magazine goes West

Salt Lake City, Utah

Of the many letters received by the Editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL, one written by Olive Harder, a west-

ern Girl Scout of Salt Lake City, was selected for the new circular which is to be sent to every new Girl Scout, telling about our magazine.

Earning a playground

Port Townsend, Washington

The Girl Scouts of Port Townsend have earned the money for a playground by giving plays, teas and other entertainments. Tennis courts have just been completed and plans are already under way for the erection of swings for the smaller girls of the community. This is real community service.

We are gardeners

Pacific Grove, California

The garden picture on page 26 shows work done by our Pacific Grove girls. Since 1923, these Girl Scout gardens have occupied three city blocks loaned by the city, itself. For their gardens the Scouts have bought shrubs, have consulted a landscape gardener, and have worked diligently to bring beauty to their home town.

Folk dancing everywhere

Hardin, Montana

The Girl Scouts in Hardin, Montana, enjoy folk dancing just as much as the leaders at our Gray's Lake Training course enjoyed it under the direction of Miss Alice Sandiford. This summer, Miss Sandiford is to continue her studies with Mr. Cecil Sharp of England, the well known authority on folk dancing. And when she returns, she will bring us many lovely new ideas for our troop meetings.



A Clemenceau, Arizona burro with his Scout friends

Outdoor Plays for Your Summertime

By MABEL F. HOBBS

Drama Consultant, Playground and Recreation Association of America

OUR thoughts now turn to outdoor plays. Especially those suitable for camp production claim our attention. We have decided this year to suggest only such plays, pageants and festivals as, through production, have proved to be successfully and safely adapted to amateur groups.

THE FOREST PRINCESS by Constance D'Arcy Mackay. A very beautiful masque including 8 males, 20 females, peasants, shepherds, lords and ladies. Suitable for all girls. 3 acts. A fairy tale of the princess over whom a spell was cast making her beauty fade with the moon. The Prince wishing to serve one who is old and withered, breaks the spell with a kiss. Singing and dancing introduced. Found in *The Forest Princess and Other Masques* published by Henry Holt & Co., 19 West 44th St., New York City, price \$1.50.

THE HAPPY MAN by M. E. F. Irwin. 1 act; 2 males, 6 females. Possible for an all girl cast when the General Volmar episode is omitted. A delightful comedy in two scenes. The King is told that the only cure for his sickness is to find and wear the shirt of a Happy Man. The three princesses sit on the castle wall watching for him to come. Many people pass but not one proves to be wholly happy. Finally a rollicking wanderer appears who has not a care in the world, but alas, neither has he a shirt to his back. Excellent comedy and some pathos. Drama Bookshop, 29 West 47th St., New York City, price 25 cents.

MAIDEN OVER THE WALL by Bertram Bloch. A masque including 4 males, 2 females and extras. Suitable for all girls. Delightful humorous situation and amusing dialogues. A spell cast one hundred years ago over a young girl, is broken by an American who discovers her in her garden retreat. Dances may be introduced. Originally produced at Barnard College. Womans Press,

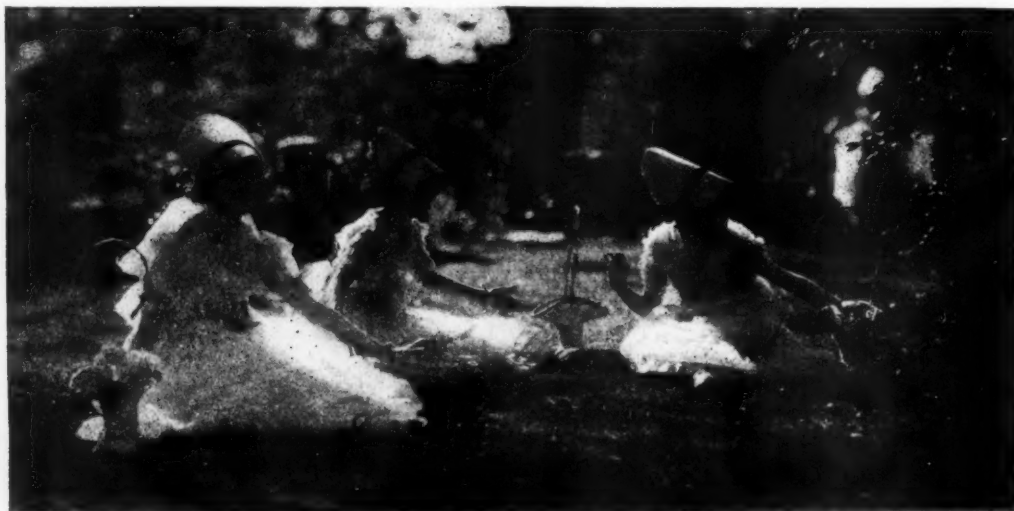
600 Lexington Ave., New York City, price 50 cents. Royalty, \$5.00.

MASQUE OF THE PIED PIPER by Katherine Lord. An unusual adaptation of the ever famous Piper. 6 short acts—one scene. 12 speaking parts and a large number of extras. May be played by all girls. The rats may easily be portrayed by the younger members of the group. Found in *Plays for School and Camp* published by Little Brown & Co., 354 Fourth Ave., New York City, price \$1.50.

THE PAGEANT OF GIRLHOOD prepared by the Bureau of Educational Dramatics, Community Service. Songs and Lyrics by Ursula Payne. An outdoor pageant for girls in 7 episodes. 3 speaking parts, 150 or more extras may participate. The pageant shows in a series of brisk colorful episodes, the work, the games, the folk dance, the recreation and the dreams of Girlhood. It is easy and inexpensive to produce. Community Service, 315 Fourth Ave., New York City, price 25 cents.

PRINCESS CHRYSANTHEMUM by C. King Proctor. A Japanese operetta in 3 acts; 2 scenes,—Garden and Interior of cave. 11 principals and extras for chorus. Suitable for all girl cast. The love story of the Emperor's daughter, Princess Chrysanthemum, who is just coming of age. She is in love with Prince So Tru who also loves her. The rival, Prince So Sli carries the Princess off to a cave. It is only after the untiring efforts of Prince So Tru, and the Fairy Moonbeam, that she is safely returned to her father and sweetheart. Obtained from G. Schirmer, 3 East 43rd St., New York City, price \$1.00.

THE RAVEN MAN by Katherine Lord. 9 characters. Especially adapted to an outdoor production on the shores of a lake or stream. The play is founded on two famous



Courtesy of Playground and Recreation Association of America
From "Home Valley," a pageant by Faith Van Valkenburg Vilas. Presented in Scarsdale, New York

Indian characters—The Raven Man who always appears in human form and is a trouble maker, and the "One-who-didn't want-to-get-married." The play embodies the incidents taken from traditional Indian stories. It contains dances and songs and even a swimming contest may be introduced. Found in *Plays for School and Camp*, published by Little Brown & Co., 354 4th Ave., N. Y., \$1.50.

ROBIN HOOD by Katherine Taylor. 22 characters; 3 acts; 3 scenes. A Robin Hood play is always within the possibilities of a cast of girls. Robin Hood who was a most courteous outlaw, never robbed or permitted his men to rob poor travelers or any company in which a woman was present. In fact, he often shared with needy travelers the spoils he took from the wealthy. The escapades of this popular hero and his merry band of followers afford an excellent medium for splendid dramatic action. The costumes are charming and simple to execute. Drama Bookshop, 29 West 47th St., New York City, price 30 cents.

ROBIN HOOD by Kate Sterns Page. An adaptation in one act of the old Robin Hood Tales with a few new characters introduced. The cast may include twenty or the play may be given by eight or ten by doubling. This is a very simple version of Robin Hood and includes music for the country dances of the period and the Old English folk songs. Descriptions of the costumes and stage setting are given in the foreword. The delightful Robin Hood costuming makes it possible for girls to portray the characters. G. Schirmer, 3 East 43rd St., New York City, price 60 cents.

THE SCARLET KNIGHT by Mary S. Edgar. 5 girls, 5 boys. Possible for all girl cast. One scene running about 30 minutes. A charming little pageant which tells of the passing of summer and the coming of autumn in the person of the Scarlet Knight. Opportunity for beautiful color effects and requires very little preparation. The Womans Press, 600 Lexington Ave., N. Y., 35 cents.

SPRING FESTIVAL by Marie Ruef Hofer. Pageant in four parts which can be given in its entirety or omitting one or two sections. 150 are necessary if produced in its entirety but may be given in part with 50 or 60. It is a delightful festival of the four seasons and introduces such characters as Mother Nature, leaves, flowers, sunshine, insects, butterflies, etc. Both the younger and older members of the group may be included. Music for the dances, descriptions of the costumes and a festival outline accompanies the pageant. Clayton F. Summy Co., 64 East Van Buren St., Chicago, Illinois, 75 cents.

THE TREASURE CHEST by Josephine Thorp. A fairy pageant play in which any number of children may be used. At least 25 or 30 are necessary. Adapted to the younger members of the group. One act. Charming dances introduced. The Treasure Chest containing the gifts of the out-of-door fairies is placed by them in a forest for mortals to find, and a spell is cast over it so that it may not fall into unworthy hands. After the unsuccessful attempts of several unworthy mortals, it is finally taken by several children who are willing to share its treasures with all. Suggestions for costumes and music including a list of suitable Victrola Records accompanies the manuscript. Drama Bookshop, 29 West 47th St., New York City, price 40 cents.



An athletic-trim Keds model that is popular everywhere.

Athletic shoes

so good-looking you'll want to wear them for general vacation use

FORsailing, canoeing, camping, picnics — for every type of general outdoor use, Keds are being worn to-day.

And they're ideally suited to this kind of wear.

For Keds are not only properly designed for athletic purposes but their lines and construction give them an unusually attractive appearance.

This is especially noticeable in some of the athletic-trim models. These models come with pearl-grey, black, or tan trimming.

Keds are the leading sports shoes made today. Last year eleven national tennis championships and two world championships were won on Keds! They are standard for all kinds of games from basketball to field hockey.

Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes—varying in price according to grade, size and style, from

\$1.25 to \$4.50. They are made with tough rubber soles that are unusually pliable and springy—soles that give the maximum of ground-grip, lightness and long wear. The uppers are of carefully selected canvas strongly re-inforced.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe

It is important to remember that all canvas rubber-soled shoes are not Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company.

Every pair of Keds is built to give longer wear and better service and every Keds shoe has the name Keds on it. It will pay you to look for the name.

The 1924 Keds Hand-Book for Girls contains 47 pages of interesting information on games, woodcraft, recipes, books, and many other subjects. Sent free if you address Dept. 140, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Enter your snapshots in our Camera Contest before June 15

Persevering Ann

(Continued from page 9)

"You mean the death of one of the students there?"

"Yes. Until this Owens man bought the place last summer and had it repaired, it had been a dark, gloomy, uninhabited place for years. The fraternity boys used to take the new members over there at midnight and put them through all sorts of uncanny initiation ceremonies, and of course all the students developed a sort of horror of the house. Then the Owens came along, bought it for mere nothing, and repaired it for a student annex. A bunch of young men, taking up a dare of some of their classmates, went there to live, and the very first night one of the group died. The physician said that he died of acute indigestion, but the tale spread that the boys had spent that first evening telling ghost stories in the very room where the Tory general had been ill. Patrick Mura, the boy that died that night, insisted that he saw a patriot swing suddenly down the stairs in the dimly lighted hall, and the boys still believe that he must have died of fright from some ghostly visitation after he went to bed. Of course that is all bosh! Mere talk! But you see how it will prevent your using that old place as a student boarding house, or a boarding house for any one else, for that matter."

Ann left the office, feeling very dazed and miserable. All about her, boys and girls were hurrying to and fro, chatting

and laughing. How care-free they seemed! She had hoped to be a part of this life, but now she felt as one standing alone with an inaccessible wall rising between her and the fulfilment of her desire. Bitter resentment towards the man who had deceived them surged through her. How she hated to break the news to her mother! Her dear, trusting mother who never thought evil of any one, and had so bravely given up the old home that she might help her daughter through college.

Suddenly on the lake bridge Ann paused. She could not go home in this black mood; she would walk and try to adjust her thoughts first. She could not go home to her brave little mother, whining because hopes were shattered. She would reason herself into calmness, and then break the news.

Turning from the bridge down the avenue that bordered the lake shore, she hurried by the shops. On and on she walked, her heart too bitter for any appreciation of the perfect September day. At a turn in the street that followed the water front, she looked up and caught a picturesque view of the college behind the autumn foliage on the other side. Suddenly hot tears welled into her eyes, and to prevent the passersby from seeing them she turned and gazed into an art store window.

Gradually the tumult of her thoughts was calmed by some words on which

her gaze had fallen. Out of a group of attractively framed quotations this one had seemed to step out to meet her. She often said afterward that she would never have seen it had the words not been familiar and much-loved by her mother. Over and over again she read the quotation:

*Perseverance knows no failure—will not
Cease to strive.
Stumbling blocks must form the stairway
If we arrive.*

What else was there for her to do but give up? The little money they had left from buying the house would not last them three months, and they must eat. Where was the money to come from unless she went to work and earned it? The difficulties that lay in the path were certainly unsurmountable. But *were* they unsurmountable, she asked herself in the next breath as she hastily brushed away her tears. She had heard of others turning their stumbling blocks into stepping stones. Maybe she could do that, too. Exactly what was the thing that was blocking her way to her heart's desire? A haunted house where people were afraid to live.

Instantly Ann's thoughts raced forward, reasoning, planning. It was evident from what Mr. Griffin had said during the morning that people were

(Continued on page 35)



Camp Time's Near

It's Time for Your Troop to Get Ready

You wouldn't miss the swimming, the canoeing, the hikes, cooking your own meals out-of-doors, a glowing camp-fire and stories at night. So you want to be ready for every bit of it.

"Roughing it" is lots more fun, when we have warm blankets, keen axes and knives, rain-proof tents—necessary comforts. Your Troop will have to provide these—and other needs—before camp-time.

Ask your Captain how you could add to the
Troop Fund through our special Vacation Fund.

Woman's Home Companion
Collier's, The National Weekly

The American Magazine
Farm and Fireside

The Mentor

Note—Your mother will want to read "Shall I Send My Daughter To Camp?" by Lucy Milligan, in the June Woman's Home Companion.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue

New York, N. Y.

Read Katharine Adams' story in July—you will like Linda

Our Advertisers Visit Our Convention

THERE were new visitors at our Convention this year, visitors not in uniform, who were never seen in our Convention hall before. They were THE AMERICAN GIRL advertisers.

They made a bright, gay showing with their vivid posters, their jolly cut-outs and their samples of the products advertised. Here prominent Girl Scout leaders from all over our country could see and examine the products they had read about in THE AMERICAN GIRL. And they showed much interest, too. They "helped themselves to circulars"; they eagerly dipped into the many books sent by our publisher-advertisers; they crushed admiringly between their fingers the soft leather tops of the big hiking boots; they flexed the crepe rubber soles of another manufacturer's sport shoe; they nibbled at the samples of cereal; they read and admired the posters; they lingered interestedly over all the goods displayed in our booth.

This first trial visit of our advertisers to our Convention was so successful that we have already laid more elaborate plans for next year's Convention. You may be sure you will see them again—with many new friends, if we keep our record of 140% increase in advertising over last fall. (Yes, this is what we did in the past six months.)



Our advertisers' booth

And can you not see these products holding a Convention of their own at night when the big ballroom of the Drake Hotel—the place where we held our Convention—was hushed?

Perhaps our advertisers' products stepped down from their booth and looked around. They admired the soft paneling of the walls, the remote, clear glitter of the lovely crystal chandeliers. The little red bathing shoes gayly tried the glassy surface of the dancing floor.

The Girl Scouts' favorite knife called the advertisers' Convention to order. After the transaction of much business they voted to meet with us again in Boston next year, together with many as yet unknown advertisers.

Many were the expressions of approval and delight with the Girl Scout Convention. "I like Girl Scouts because they like us so well," said the little portable stove and its canned heat. "We have been wonderfully treated by our Girl Scout friends," said a well-known stove polish. Said the official neckerchief, "Girl Scouts are a good crowd to tie to." And an attractive chocolate bar gave out an interview. "What do we think of Chicago? It is a truly wonderful city, with its sweep of lake, its miles of boulevard, its tall buildings, and its fine homes. Our accommodations here at the Drake have been delightful, too." "It is all so interesting to me, a newcomer in Scout-ing," said the Official Girl Scout Shoe.

CAMPING OUT

A Manual on Organized Camping

Edited by L. H. Weir, Field Secretary

THE PLAYGROUND AND RECREATION ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

The articles which make up this book were written by authorities and enthusiasts in their line.

Among the more important topics discussed are:—

CAMPING IN THE UNITED STATES, SELECTION OF CAMP SITE, CAMP SITE PLANNING, EQUIPMENT, CAMP COMMITTEE ORGANIZATION AND DUTIES, CAMP ORGANIZATION, BASES OF PROGRAM MAKING, CAMP SANITATION, DIET AND NUTRITION, CAMP PURCHASING, THE TRAINING OF CAMP LEADERS, CAMP STANDARDS.

Together with the many illustrations, maps, and charts they form a volume which will prove invaluable to all interested in this popular movement of organized camping.

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A collar that gently hugs the neck and conforms neatly to the slope of the neck into the shoulders.

Shoulders neither too wide nor too narrow—in short, your shoulders.

Sleeve length that covers the wrist of the long armed and *not* the finger tips of the short armed.

A skirt that neither hikes nor dips, but hangs evenly to your figure.

Where Custom Tailoring Tells On a Captain's Uniform

CAPTAINS, there are certain touches on a serge uniform that can be achieved only through Custom Tailoring—in a uniform made to conform to the lines of *your* figure. The snug fit of a shoulder, the trim set of a collar, the length of the sleeve, the hang of a skirt—these are the points that best tell whether a uniform was made to *your* measure, or to that of the average figure.

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Write to
RIDABOCK & CO.

149-151 West 36th Street

New York City

(Continued from page 32)

interested in the place, and curious about it even though they were afraid of it. Was it possible that she and her mother could make some revenue from this interest and curiosity? In an inspirational flash Ann conceived a plan. Rushing into the art store she examined a little booklet which gave interesting accounts of several historical sites around Anston. The tale of their house on the hill was far more fascinating than any of them. Next she hurried to the city library, and came out with three heavy books which contained items of Anston history of Revolutionary times. Next she stopped at a printers, and showing him the little book she had purchased at the art store, asked him the cost of printing one about that size.

Had Mr. Griffin chanced to pass Ann Connell as she spirited up the hill towards her home, he might have thought that the depressing information he had given her during the morning had affected her mind. But Ann cared little of what the world thought just then, for a wonderful idea was working through her mind like yeast. Her mother was putting lunch on the table when she burst into the quaint old kitchen.

"Mother darlin'!" she exclaimed, dumping her books on a chair and facing Mrs. Connell a little wildly, "I have the most wonderful scheme so that you won't have to clean and cook for a bunch of careless college students."

"Ann, child, don't think I mind that," said Mrs. Connell. "I'm only too glad to be able to do something to help out."

"We aren't going to have a boarding house at all," retorted Ann shaking her head mysteriously. "Instead we're going to open a Colonial Tea Room—and the spooky history of this house is going to be the bait to attract the patrons, and when they get here we won't let them get out till they buy some of your deliciously, crisp waffles."

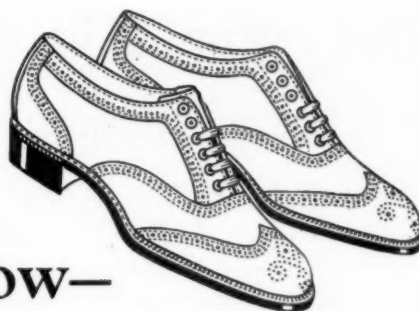
"My dear child, whatever are you talking about?" asked Mrs. Connell. "Sit down and calm yourself and tell me what it is all about."

Ann knew that the sooner the unpleasant explanations were over, the sooner she could go forward with her plans. Mrs. Connell's first comment on learning of Mr. Owens' deception was characteristic.

"Maybe he didn't realize that we wanted to keep student boarders here," she said. "I can't believe that he meant to deceive us—he was such a pleasant man."

Ann made no reply to this, but proceeded to unfold her plan. "You see the main thing that people fear is sleeping here at night. But by having a tea room or waffle house—whichever we decide to call it, we can attract them here during the day through curiosity of its spooky history. It won't cost much to get out a little advertising booklet about the house. And I'll have lots of fun doing some pen and ink sketches of the stairs and the back door with the bullet holes in it. We can distribute the booklets at the tourist hotel and over at the college, and put up posters, directing people here. You know we're not far from the road between the hotel and the golf links. Mother, I think it's a wonderful scheme and it won't be half as hard on you as keeping boarders, for we'll just keep open house from twelve till six."

(Continued on page 37)



Now—

Girl Scout shoes, too, can bear the Girl Scout stamp of quality

GOOD news for Girl Scouts!

The manufacturers of famous Sorosis shoes are now making *Sorosis Girl Scout Shoes*. Now you can know that you are a Girl Scout from tip to toe, that your shoes, too, carry the trefoil seal of quality.

The Sorosis Girl Scout Shoe is an all round shoe, just the kind for all round girls. Into it the manufacturers have put twenty-five years' shoe making experience. They have made for Girl Scouts a Shoe that will stand the hardest wear outdoor girls can give a shoe. Into it they have built comfort, because of its orthopedic principles. And they have made a stylish shoe,

whose smart trim lines will attract Girl Scouts.

They are moderate in price, too. Tan Grain Calfskin \$8.00. Imported Scotch Grain Calfskin, Waterproof Soles \$9.50.

Sorosis Girl Scout Shoes can be had—at moderate prices—direct by mail from 449 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Look for Girl Scout trefoil trade mark on sole of shoe.



TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. Pat. Off.

SOROSIS GIRL SCOUT SHOES

Do Your Kiddies Do This?

Little grimy, sticky fingers will leave marks on furniture. And often a toy in a tiny hand will slightly mar the finish. Never mind! Do this: Put a few drops of

3-in-One Oil



on cloth wrung out in cold water. Wipe the furniture—a little at a time. This banishes all dirt, stains and fingermarks. Then dry and polish with a soft cloth—following the wood grain. This treatment "heals up"

slightly worn furniture wonderfully. Try it on yours. At all stores in 50c, 25c, 15c bottles: 25c Handy Oil Cans. **FREE** Generous sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses—both free on request.

Three-in-One Oil Co.,

Broadway, N. Y. 

Announcing!

An improvement in the official Girl Scout sweater. Roll collar; brown heather. For further particulars see the July "American Girl"

"The Patriot Maid's" most exciting installment comes in July

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"I am delighted with your new book arranged for camps and outdoor services. It is certainly a gem. You are to be congratulated on carrying the high standard in music and worship set by the Century Company into the more informal services of camp life."—*Rev. Chas. F. Boss, Jr., Director Religious Education of the Baltimore Conference of the M. E. Church.*

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Stunts and programs for parties, entertainments, and Girl Scout rallies.

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Books for Summertime

AMERICAN BOYS' BOOK OF BIRDS AND
BROWNIES

By Dan Beard

(J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THIS is the time of year when all of us love to lie under trees, watching the busy, humming birds and insects about us. But what we see is far more interesting to us if we know about it. In this book which, although "boys" is in the title, is a girl's book, too, Mr. Dan Beard himself takes you with him into the woods. He tells you just what you have been wishing to know. And Mr. Beard knows, because he has always been an American Scout.

INSECT STORIES

By Vernon Kellogg

(D. Appleton and Co.)

Every Girl Scout who has taken a "Bug Hike" has discovered a new world for herself in which dragon-flies and beetles and May-flies flit lightly about or scout over the water. A world where even spiders and wasps are clever little fellows to be watched, not run away from! There is a girl named Mary in this book and, although the book doesn't say so, we think she must have been a Girl Scout, for Mary doesn't just "identify" things. She builds a glass house for Fuzzy, the Bee, or goes out to find the Dragon of Lagunita, just such a Dragon as may be dragoning near you, this minute, and you not knowing it! Mary's adventures make just the book for your summertime, either at home or in camp.

THIS SINGING WORLD

By Louis Untermeyer

(Harcourt, Brace and Co.)

Haven't you been wishing for a book of poetry filled with your kind? Sometimes, with poetry books, they seem to be all the wrong kind because you, being you, like to read your kind! Here, then, is your book: *This Singing World*. In it, Mr. Untermeyer has collected poems you will like, because so many kinds are here. Poems in which you will find "friendly unicorns, babies with fairy-laughter, dinkey-birds in amfalula trees, enchanted shirts and singing mermaids. Ballads of pirates, too. Poems of the Heroic Heart and Open Roads and many other lovely things."

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By George Carlson

(John Martin)

Imagine the fun of having riddles and charades and conundrums and puzzle parties and every other kind of puzzle all in one book! That is what *Peter Puzzle-maker* is. This book will be just the thing for camp and your troop rooms. Every one enjoys solving the mysteries of puzzles.

STORIES ALL GIRLS ENJOY

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

Those of you who could "hardly wait" for the next installment of *Nancy Lee Adventures II*, recently published in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, will be glad to know of the books for girls which Mrs. Seaman has written. Here they are, take your choice! *When a Cobbler Ruled a King*—a story laid in the time of the French Revolution, with Jean Mettrot, the hero,

Will your troop's brick help build the new Headquarters?

who tries to free the mysterious "Lost Dauphin" from his imprisonment. *Jacqueline of the Carrier Pigeons* is a Dutch girl whom you will be happy to know. She is a real pioneer, too, the kind many of our great-great grandmothers were. Mamselle of the Wilderness and the Indian Girl, Alesippa, are two more pioneer girls in a story of the early days of our own America.

Persevering Ann

(Continued from page 35)

"Then I'll have an excuse for making waffles every day," said Mrs. Connell. Thus it was that she adjusted herself cheerfully to Ann's new plans.

The opening of the tea room on the lower floor of the historic house proved an elaborate affair in the neighborhood. Ann had started out to turn her seeming failure into success and she stopped at no half-way efforts. So thoroughly had the tea room been advertised that on the opening afternoon the rooms were crowded. The president of the local D. A. R. made a talk on the history of Anston, and a group of girls from the college sang some quaint old songs, after which some colonial-costumed maidens served the guests with free samples of the Connell waffles.

From that day the success of Ann's scheme was assured, and so popular did the "Waffle House" immediately become that two assistants became necessary. Thus Ann was able to give employment to two other girls who were making their way through college.

Two weeks after the opening the president of the D. A. R. came in and told Ann that her organization wanted to buy the old house whenever she and her mother were ready to sell, for her little booklet about the place had brought them to a realization of its true value.

"I guess we don't want to give it up yet," Ann replied, "at least not until I have finished over at the college. But I agree with you that it ought to be owned eventually by some historical group."

A few minutes later when Ann was left alone, she closed her eyes and breathed a little grateful prayer that she had been given strength to climb up over her stumbling blocks and make them stepping stones to success.

A Camp as Good-as-a-Dream

(Continued from page 20)

Night Circle, and obey the call of Taps to such perfection, that all the rest of your stay, on visitors' day, mothers and fathers from the campgrounds in the Park, come in to see the wonderful Girl Scouts the Warden told them about, who go to sleep at the drop of the hat!

And even when waking-up time comes to the good-as-a-dream life of Chaparral, and it's the last day in camp you won't be able to feel as sad as you think you ought to. As long as there is another summer to come, and a Chaparral, and a Grizzly and even a handful of Girl Scouts, there will be a camp, just the kind you like to plan about, up a tree with a gingersnap, an apple, and a book.



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ROWLAND HALL is a boarding and day school, under the auspices of the Episcopal Church. It is an accredited school and fits for the eastern women's colleges, as well as for the other colleges of the country.

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The music department offers instruction in piano, organ, violin as well as classes of instruction in harmony, history of music, solfeggio, and ear training.

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Are you going away to school? Read this page

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Our Fashion Lady will be with you again in July

The Blue Pig

(Continued from page 6)

"It's not a party, child."

"It feels like one."

"Put them on, then, if you want to."

Mary Davis must have been watching, she came so quickly out of the house next door, as soon, in fact, as Brenda shut the gate on her own green yard neatly fenced in with white palings. The minute she saw Mary, Brenda felt again that warm tug at her heart she had known in the morning. Mary Davis was going to be wonderful—wonderful.

They sat on the steps at the Davis house, talking. They talked about everything, books, schools in the city, schools in the country, moving. It didn't matter what they talked about.

"I've always lived in this house," said Mary.

"We were always changing apartments in New York," said Brenda. "The rent would go up or the landlord would sell out or we didn't like tenants who moved in. Grandmother got tired of it. 'When I was a girl in Greenboro, nobody ever moved,' she said. 'We'll go there.' And here we are."

"The music is lovely in the city," said Mary. "Aunt Dora took me down last winter and we went to all the concerts we could squeeze in. I love music, don't you?"

"Yes. But I don't know much about it."

"Neither do I. Though we have a little orchestra, just in the family and a neighbor or two. I was hoping you played something."

"I play at the piano, that's all."

"Perhaps you could accompany me sometimes. We'll see. The girl who moved out of your house used to do that."

"Was there a girl who lived in our house?"

"Yes. Her family went west."

"What do you play?"

"The violin. And my brother Jack has a cello and Dick a flute. Billy Jones, across the street, plays a cornet. I rather need the support of another girl, you see." So they talked, learning the shape and pattern of each other's lives.

A tall boy hurried in at the gate and at sight of the girls veered to a side path. Mary called to him. "Come and speak to our new neighbor, Jack."

"How do you do?" he said smiling gravely, his tie under one ear. "I've been fishing and I'm rather grubby, I'm afraid. I'll see you at supper."

"Now Jack's furious," said Mary, "because you saw him before he was cleaned up. Jack's so particular, it's painful."

"I didn't suppose boys were like that. But I've never known any boys well."

"Jack is. Dick isn't. And the twins are unspeakable." Brenda sat enchanted. A new world flickered before her eyes, a world strange and inviting.

"I am sure this is Brenda Driscoll," said a voice behind the girls. They turned to Mary's mother. She was plump and slow-moving and always smiling. She looked, Brenda thought, as though nothing would ever bother her. Grandmother was little and spry and a great many things bothered her. Brenda had always supposed that when you were grown up you had to be bothered.

"Supper's ready, girls. We won't wait for Jack. He'll be done in a minute."

Shyly Brenda followed in the wake of the broad jolly figure. She felt at once as though she must be dreaming and yet tinglingly awake, an odd combination; somewhat as though she had walked into one of her favorite books and it had come alive all around her. The big curly haired quiet man at the head of the table; the tall red headed boy, all hands and feet, addressed as "Dick;" the twins with their round watchful eyes and their round brass buttoned jackets; the small punctilious girl, Janet; the empty chair into which Jack, very spic and span, presently slid—all excited her like the beginning of a story that promised to be very very good, very enthralling. And most enthralling of all the slender gray eyed girl whose elbow touched Brenda's now and then as they opened their napkins or cut their meat. This girl was to be the heroine—oh, surely! Brenda wanted her very much for the heroine, for the friend she had always dreamed of having—some time—for her very own. Her chum.

"Music?" Some one suggested after supper.

Brenda's fingers shook a little as she sat down at the piano and turned over scores while the Davises brought out their instruments. How she blessed the "pokey" old New York instructor for his insistence on sight-reading. It helped her immeasurably now. She blundered, but not too hopelessly. "I could take some of this music home and practice it," she said shyly.

"Go ahead." Jack, bow in hand, was searching on the top of the piano for "Traumerei." "You do first rate for a girl who has never played these things before."

Brenda's heart beat happily. Mary was smiling.

"I know Traumerei," said Brenda.

The twins went to bed. Jack had a date with a boy he was "coaching" in Latin, lost through illness; Jack must be good in Latin, Brenda thought. Dick vanished.

"He won't do that when he knows you better," Mary said. "Shall we go out on the porch again? It's such a lovely evening." Side by side, they sat on the top step of the porch, bathed in moonlight. Brenda felt exquisitely happy—and humble. She wished she were ever so much nicer than she really was, for Mary's sake. Mary's friend ought to be all that was splendid inside, Mary was so splendid herself. How she knew this about Mary, Brenda couldn't have told, but she knew it. Mary was brave and loyal and kind and strong; everything that was sincere and honest lived in her heart.

All at once Brenda wanted to look at the apple trees, beside Mary. Of course, Mary must have seen them, but to look at them together in the moonlight would be at once a touchstone and a kind of initiation; it would set a beautiful seal on their beginning friendship.

"Let's go look at the apple trees," said Brenda.

"Mother," called Mary, "we're going to look at Brenda's apple trees. Then may we get a soda at Flint's?"

"Mercy, child, are you hungry already?"

(Continued on next page)



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Just Published

The Edge of Raven Pool

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

GIRL SCOUTS know with what fascinating charm Mrs. Seaman can tell a story, and she has done nothing more absorbing than "The Edge of Raven Pool."

One of the most irritating of kill-joys is the person who tells in advance how a story is to come out, and we are not going to be kill-joys. All we can permit ourselves to say is that "The Edge of Raven Pool" is the story of an Eastern girl visiting relatives in the South, that she comes upon a baleful mystery a half century old and that with the able cooperation of her Southern relatives she pluckily grapples with the unraveling of the mystery.

"The Edge of Raven Pool," by Augusta Huiell Seaman, illustrated, is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for \$1.75.

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DID you find a pink or green slip in your magazine this month? It means "Renew."

(Continued from page 39)

"I can always eat ice cream, can't you, Brenda?"

"Run along, if you want to," said the voice from inside the house. "But come right home afterwards. Have you money enough?"

"I'll get some. It's my treat."

"Next time it will be mine," said Brenda.

"And after that Dutch. Mother wants us to and, anyway, I think it's better."

The screen door swung smartly behind Mary. Brenda sat, her hands clasped round her knees in utter content. Beside her a window opened into the room where they had been playing. She could see the dark case of the cello with its long long neck leaning against the further wall beside the mantel. As Brenda looked idly in, Mary crossed the room and stretching up her hand took something down from the mantel, shook it

deftly, replaced the object and left the room. Now Brenda could see the thing quite plainly, a blue china pig, one of those banks children drop pennies in.

She thought of joshing Mary about keeping her change in a child's bank, but after all, she didn't know her well enough for that yet, did she? You had to know people well before it was safe to tease them. And then, standing with Mary before the luminous shimmering glory of the apple trees, Brenda forgot all about the incident. Mary's arm around her waist, hers around Mary's she was sure they both felt the same ache in their throats because, even together, they couldn't hold all the beauty—some still spilled over.

"It's so lovely it hurts," said Mary.

Brenda's blood sang in her veins. Hadn't she known Mary was like that? They spoke the same language; this proved it.

That night when Brenda said her prayers, she put in a special word of thankfulness for Mary. "For making her so lovely, dear God, and letting me come to live next door to her and for her liking me, when she so easily needn't. Oh—oh, I'm so happy! Please help me to be good, too."

The next day the twins came to call. Their round eyes stared more unwinking than ever and there were traces of tears on their cheeks. Calling on their new neighbors was, it became evident, intended for a distraction as well as a social amenity. Janet convoyed them.

Grandmother gave them each a cookie with a raisin sitting solitary in the middle. The twins prudently first ate out the raisin. If they died before the circumference was devoured, at least they would have made sure of the cookie's chief treasure.

Then they paused to communicate the news. "We broke our pig."

"We gave him a great big lot of money an' he losted it."

Janet, smiling and superior, explained. "They're talking about their bank. They were sure they had enough money to buy a velocipede and of course they hadn't. But when they smashed the pig, there wasn't as much in him as even mother thought there'd be. They must have shaken more out than they said."

"Pig losted it," mourned the twins.

Brenda couldn't breathe easily. It was as though a cold hand had taken right hold of her heart and squeezed it. She felt a little sick, a little dizzy.

Janet was looking curiously around the kitchen, peeping, without seeming to do so, through the half open doors. "You keep your sugar barrel in this pantry, don't you? The people who lived here before always kept it in that other one."

Brenda slipped out of the room. She couldn't stay there. She couldn't bear to hear another word or ask a question.

Without Brenda's noticing where they were tending, her feet carried her out to the apple trees. But she couldn't stay there either. The minute she saw them she remembered how last night she and Mary had looked at them together. And now her beautiful dream lay shattered, broken into fragments, and scattered about her feet.

Brenda went on up the hill and lay down under a tree that bore no flowers at all and turned her face into the grass.



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Send for Circulars to

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Puzzle Jack will pull a Star Puzzle from his July Puzzle Pack

She was too miserable to care how much it tickled her neck or to wonder whether there might not be insects at home in it. The hand at her heart squeezed and squeezed. A sense of utter desolation possessed her.

Once it occurred to her to question Mary before she gave way to the full depth of her misery. But what good could questions do her? The room had been empty—none but herself had seen the hand lift down the childish pig. And that was the girl she had believed in.

While Brenda lay there unseeing, a change came over the face of the golden day. When the girl rose to her feet at last, the sky was clouded and a cold wind had risen. Brenda shivered. Her miserable eyes noted dully, as she descended, how the wind was rending their beauty from the apple trees. Petals drove like snow flakes before it. The trees' beauty was over, like the beauty of her dream.

"What's the matter, Brenda?" grandmother asked at dinner.

"Nothing, grandmother."

"You're not eating. Let me see your tongue."

Brenda, lying on her bed in the afternoon, saw Mary start to come over on flying feet. Brenda turned her face away. Faintly grandmother's words rose through the open window.

"Brenda's not feeling well. She's lying down."

Opening one eye Brenda saw Mary return more slowly and slowly enter her own house. Mary's shoulders dropped disappointedly.

Grandmother made a very nice supper, the sort of supper Brenda usually delighted in. But she couldn't eat. Grandmother was worried, but she talked determinedly. Brenda crumbled her biscuit, pecked at her omelette, and listened listlessly.

"Mrs. Davis called this afternoon. Good natured and easy going, I don't wonder her children shake their banks to get their money out, even the older ones. If I had anything to do with children and banks, they'd leave in what they'd put in."

"The older ones?" A light pierced Brenda's darkness. "Do you mean—?" Excitement, incredulity, mounted in her

voice—"do you mean they *all* have banks, such as the twins have?"

"Yes," said grandmother, glad to see Brenda take an interest in something. "Pigs, the whole family. Paint 'em different colors, their mother said. Lucky they're none of 'em color blind, I say. Seems childish, doesn't it? The twins have one together. It's green. Janet's is yellow, Mary's blue, Jack's red—"

"Mary's is blue?"

"Why, yes. What's the matter, child?"

"Nothing—nothing. Oh, grandmother, I'm so happy."

Her grandmother stared at her. "Well, of all things!"

A knock sounded at the door. The light, streaming out, shone on Mary.

"I brought this jelly to Brenda. Mother says if there is anything we can do—Oh, she's downstairs!"

"I'm better!" Brenda jumped up and ran to the door in an ecstasy of happiness and self-reproach. She had jumped to a conclusion without enough evidence. She had doubted Mary—oh, shame. "It was sweet of you to bring jelly, Mary. Come in—do. I'm—I'm *well* now."



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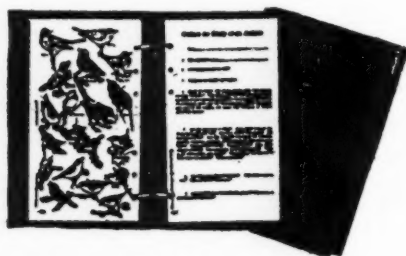
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And the subject, "As the Girl Scouts go hiking along," further widens the field. Just think of the many fascinating pictures it suggests! Anything you see on your hike—a quaint old house, a beautiful spot, your troop mates snapped in unconsciously amusing poses.

The Rules

1. You must have taken the picture yourself but you need not have printed and developed it.
2. You may send in three different pictures.
3. All must be glossy prints.
4. They must be in our hands by June 15.
5. No prints will be returned. Name, address, and troop number must be written on back of each picture.

You may be the one to win a prize (one of three beautiful photographs by Mrs. Jessie Tarbox Beals, a famous photographer).

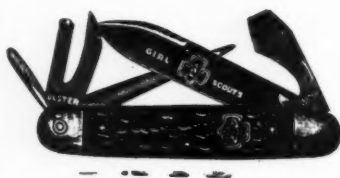
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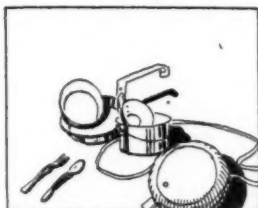
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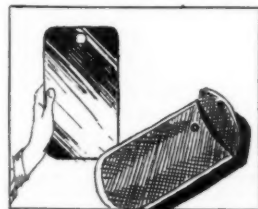
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Camp Directory



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An ideal, outdoor summer, featuring riding, swimming, sports, crafts, dancing, woodlore, plays, trips. Excellent food, mature staff, A1 health care. Special attention to individual needs. Juniors, seniors \$300. Inexpensive outfit. NO EXTRAS.

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MINNEHAHA CAMPS

Three part camp for Juniors, Seniors, Adults. Chimney Rock and Clear Creek Sections. "Land of the Sky". One hundred acres in camp grounds. Swimming, horseback, handicrafts, nature lore—Minnehaha girls enjoy activities not found during the school year under the companionship of experienced Councilors.

Owner and Director
Mrs. Belle Abbott Roxby
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CAMP NEHANTIC

For Girls

Unique in its combination of seashore country and woods. A real vacation. Land and water sports. Sixth season. Two months, \$225.00.

Write for a booklet.
MR. and MRS. HARRY DAVISON
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Small groups, personal care, all camp activities—including horseback riding. Unique opportunities in art and music. Booklet.

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Wolfeboro, N. H.

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For Girls 10 to 17 Years

Season 9 weeks—\$225.
All Land and Water Sports.
Counselors Positions are all filled.
Address for information and booklet
MRS. GERTRUDE M. STEVENS
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The ideal camp for a Girl Scout. Three hundred acres of fields and woods. Out door sleeping bungalow. Usual activities, swimming, horse back, hiking, nature lore, field athletics, basket ball, volley ball, tennis, etc. Best of food. Special care of health. House mother in charge. Ages 8 to 16. References required. Booklet. Terms \$150 for eight weeks.

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Horseback riding, canoe trips, golf, swimming, arts and crafts, dramatics, etc. Campers 9-18 yrs. Club members 19-23 yrs. For illustrated booklet write to:

RUTH M. ISRAEL
Catholic organizer of 1100 Girl Scouts
117 S. 43 Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Let's Have a Field Day

(Continued from page 17)

to the Track Meet) such events as stunts of all kinds, throwing bean bags, folk dancing, a contest in bringing water to the boiling point over a fire you have built yourselves, and many other activities.

The following list of Field Day events is made up of those which girls, who have had little or no physical training, may safely enter. Select from them those events which most appeal to your troop.

Running

Dashes: only 20 yards for the untrained.

Novelty races

1. Walking races, short.
2. Obstacle races.
3. Potato races.
4. Relays, short; walking, hopping, crawling, running, or combinations of all these, carrying objects back and forth or just touching off the next runner.
5. Ball passing relays.
6. Goal shooting relays.
7. Short medley races: each contestant running or walking a different distance or doing a different stunt.

Throwing

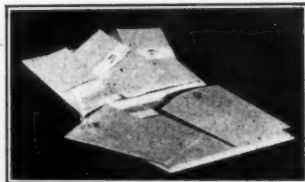
1. Basketball throw for distance from circle or from behind.
2. Baseball throw the same way.
3. Throwing at a target.

There are a great many novelty events which are neither field nor track events or which are both or which are tests of certain kinds of skill or agility, the use of which tends to turn a Track Meet into a Field Day:

1. Group leap (shuttle or addition).
2. Basket ball throw for distance (shuttle or addition).
3. Basket ball goal throw.
4. Throwing quoits.
5. Throwing bean bags.
6. Clock golf.
7. Rooster fights.
8. Indian wrestle.
9. Jumping rope.
10. Dash and throw.
11. Stunts of all kinds.
12. Knot tying.

Having once gotten into the realm of a Field Day, the following general events may be added to your program:

1. Finals of a basket ball tournament.
2. Finals of a tennis tournament.
3. Archery contest.
4. Group games such as: Long ball,



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FOR GIRLS 11-20 YEARS

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A real woods camp with all the outdoor sports, including riding. Canoeing a specialty.

Rate \$225. Booklet on request.

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GIRLS 8 to 16 YEARS

Lake in New Hampshire. Plenty good food.

Swimming	Basket ball
Boating	Archery
Canoeing	Tennis
Dancing	Dramatics

Season \$150.00. Booklet.
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On Cape Cod, Mass.

Give your daughter this year the best gift in the world, a summer in a real girls' camp. Girls 9-15. All camp activities. Number limited. Booklet.

MRS. GEORGE C. WOOD
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Germantown Philadelphia, Pa.

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Interlochen, Michigan

"THE FRIENDLY CAMP" FOR GIRLS
Archery, Rifle Practice, Riding, Hiking, Canoeing, Swimming, Sports, Arts and Crafts. College trained Counselors.

MRS. P. O. PENNINGTON, Director,
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Rate tuition—8 weeks, \$250; 4 weeks, \$150
Season, July 2 to August 26.

MILLS ADIRONDACK CAMP

On the Schroon River, near Chester-ton, N. Y.

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Midgits, juniors, seniors. Wonderful swimming, canoeing, classic dancing, tennis, hiking, picnics.

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Recreational Camps Juniors 8-13.
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For Girls from 10 to 20 Years of Age.
Field and Water Sports, Etc. MAM-
MOTH CAVE TRIP. Write for Booklet.
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Junior Camp 7 to 13. Senior Camp 14
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Horseback.

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Expert instruction and careful supervision
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25 miles North of Boston. 6th season.
Bathing, boating, sports, supervisor a
trained expert. Art craft. Ideal family
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\$150 season of eight weeks. Apply to
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Theater, Guest House, Garage. Skilled
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HYMN FOR SCOUTS

Laurel Octavo No. 182
Words and music by Elizabeth Marable Brennan
10c net, \$10.00 per hundred
Written especially for the Girl Scouts by Mrs.
Brennan who has been very active in the inter-
ests of this organization, and officially endorsed
by Girl Scouts National Headquarters. The
HYMN FOR SCOUTS has been received with
great enthusiasm wherever it has been sung.
C. C. BIRCHARD & CO.
221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

punch ball, drive ball, captain ball,
dodge ball, etc.

5. Folk dancing, character dancing,
natural or Greek dancing, etc.

Of the track events (if these are
scheduled upon your Field Day pro-
gram), do not attempt to enter any jump-
ing events unless you are in training and
have had a physical examination. Never
broad jump indoors. Never high jump
indoors unless with very soft mats for
landing. Never high or broad jump out-
doors unless you have a deep, soft land-
ing pit.

Rules for these various events, as well
as many other suggestions, will be found
in the following books:

1. *The Official Handbook of the National Committee on Women's Athletics of The American Physical Education Association* published by The American Sports Publishing Co., 45 Rose Street, New York City.
2. *325 Group Contests* by Cromie.
3. *Health by Stunts* by Pearle and Brown.
4. *Games for Playground and Gymnasium* by Bancroft.

Best of all, consult your own gym-
nasium teacher, who has had special phys-
ical education training and will be
happy to tell you which of these events
she thinks are most suitable for your
Field Day.

Running off your Field Day

If you are to be a member of a Girl
Scout committee to assist your Captains
in running off your Field Day, you will
perhaps wish to discuss the matter of an
admission charge, of prizes, etc. I
would suggest that you plan to charge
no admission. When this is done, the
affair takes on the nature of an entertain-
ment and the audience must be
pleased. If on the other hand, you invite
your friends, they will wish you to have
that kind of Field Day which makes the
greatest number of girls happy, in which
the greatest number can take part, in the
kind of events which are best for your
health, not those which are most spec-
tacular.

For awards, ribbons, stars, bands,
emblems, letters and numerals, and ban-
ners are the most desirable. The giving
of valuable prizes is not in keeping with
the Girl Scout ideal of sport for sport's
sake.

And let us all strive to show what a
splendid thing a girl's Field Day can be,
how fine its ideals and its spirit, how
free from all that is not fine.

CAMP ENTERTAINMENTS

Lots of fun—good lessons taught by us-
ing our Plays and Entertainments. Burst
into song with "Stunt Songs for Social
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Stunts for Social Gatherings" will help
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ing your girls. 75 cts. Free catalog of
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Heat begins to cook, cook, cook as soon as
you light it. Gives a mighty lot of concen-
trated heat, WHEN you want it, so you can
fix dandy camping snacks or use in emer-
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New York City, Dept. 162, and we will
send you prepaid stove, can of Sterno, and
handy extinguisher. Satisfaction guaranteed
or money back.

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Canned Heat Outfit



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The Taming of Horrors.

Girl Scout comedy. One act. Sixteen char-
acters. 30 cents. (No royalty.)

Converting Mrs. Noshuns.

Play for Girl Scouts. Prologue and two
acts. Large cast. 30 cents. (No royalty.)
(Both these plays first published by
THE AMERICAN GIRL)

The Honor of the Class.

Sketch for girls. One act. Six to twelve
girls. 30 cents. (No royalty.)

Mrs. Oakley's Telephone.

Comedy. One act. Four characters. 30
cents. (No royalty.)

Mechanical Jane.

Comedy. One act. Bright play for three
girls. 30 cents. (Royalty play.)

Between the Soup and Savoury.

Comedy. One act. Excellent fun for three
characters. 30 cents. (Royalty play.)

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characters. 30 cents. (No royalty.)

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Upon order of your captain we will send an assortment of 60 boxes of bars (24 bars to a box) to be sold for us—all 5c bars of standard well-known makes including SCHRAFFT, LOWNEY, BEICH and other makes, fresh and delicious. Sell them in 30 days. Send us \$48. Keep \$24 profit. This profit is clear unless you are outside our prepaid zone. Give reference.

We also send smaller lots, 25, 40 or 50 boxes on similar terms at proportionate prices.

You can order from this advertisement or send for circular. Prices quoted are subject to change.

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8 Ionia Ave. S, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Who's Who in "The American Girl"

SUPPOSE, this month, we begin with our cover and go straight through the magazine, telling you about the artists and writers who have made this magazine so interesting for you. Our cover was drawn for us by one of our most loyal friends, EDITH BALLINGER PRICE, a member of our National Brownie Committee, whom many of you already know. She also illustrated for us our serial, now running, *A Patriot Maid*.

KARLE WILSON BAKER is an American poet who lives in Texas and whose book *Blue Smoke* all outdoor Girl Scout poetry lovers will enjoy. We are grateful to Mrs. Baker and to the Yale University Press for their permission to give this poem to you. *Blue Smoke* was published and copyrighted in the same year.

BETH B. GILCHRIST, the author of *The Blue Pig*, lives in New England and has written many stories for girls. She must know many real girls very well indeed, don't you think?

RUBY L. RADFORD, author of *Persevering Ann*, lives in still another part of the country, Augusta, Georgia. Has she seen any ghosts down there, we wonder? ESTHER ANDREWS, who drew the picture of the ghost, says she read the story straight through without a stop!

Dr. and Mrs. KNIPE are planning to publish our serial, *A Patriot Maid*, in book form as soon as it is finished in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

DARE STARK McMULLIN is a good friend of Scouting on the Pacific coast. She is Miss Vaal Stark's sister and herself suggested the name for Camp Chapparral. And Miss VAAL STARK is none other than our Regional Director, in California, and the "Grizzly" of that enchanting camp.

There is no one better qualified to tell us what to do on our Field Days than Miss AGNES R. WAYMAN, head of the Physical Education Department of Barnard College, New York City. Miss Wayman is also on the Executive Board of the National Amateur Athletic Federation of America which is studying girls' athletics in order that we all may know just which kinds of sports are best for girls. If your Captain wishes to know about the new standards for girls' athletics, tell her to write to Miss Lillian Schoedler, National Amateur Athletic Federation of America, 110 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Puzzle Jack, that intriguing fellow, is ours, because Mr. GEORGE CARLSON, the artist, thought of him and brought him to the office of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, one day. The Editor and the Business Manager and all the others of the staff couldn't do any more work till they had found those hidden Girl Scouts in the Campers' Puzzle. So, of course, we all knew that we must have Puzzle Jack in the magazine! In Mr. Carlson's book, *Peter Puzzlemaker*, published by John Martin, you may puzzle out puzzles to your heart's content.

Once again, on this page, which is always filled with our thank you's, we repeat them. Miss Vaal Stark, Mrs. McMullin, every Local Director, Commissioner, Captain and Girl Scout in California, Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, and Arizona.



You may have them in cotton or linen

Be completely uniformed, even down to your handkerchief

Khaki uniform and hat, brown shoes and stockings and a khaki-colored handkerchief as the little touch that carries out the effect. Embroidered in brown, with the trefoil seal.

Linen, 40c. Cotton, 25c.

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EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor
Arcadia

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Just forward full details concerning our WONDERFUL PLAN for that extra fund. Don't wait, write today.

PACKAGE PRODUCTS CO.
200 Broadway New York City

Will your troop's name be entered in the troop brick book? See page 21



Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

Effective June 1, 1924



Uniforms

	Size	Price
Long Coat.....	10-18	\$3.50
	38-42	4.00
Short Coat Suit.....	10-18	4.50
	38-42	5.00
Skirt	10-18	2.00
	38-42	2.50
Bloomers	10-42	2.25
Norfolk Suits—Officer's:		
<i>Khaki, light weight</i>	34-42	7.00
<i>Khaki, heavy weight</i>	34-42	\$15.00
<i>Serge</i>	34-42	37.50

	Size	Price
Hats, <i>Officer's</i>	7½-8	3.75
Hats, <i>Scout</i>	6½-8	1.50
Canvas Leggings, <i>Pair</i>		1.00
Web Belt	28-38	.60
	40-42	.75
Leather for officers..	28-38	2.50
Middy—Official <i>khaki</i> ..	10-40	1.75
Neckerchiefs, <i>each</i>40
<i>Colors: Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, khaki, pale yellow, cardinal, black, and yellow.</i>		

	Size	Price
Black Silk		\$2.00
Puttees, <i>Women's sizes</i>		3.00
<i>Girls' sizes</i>		2.00
Sweater—Slip-over type	10-14	6.50
	16-22	7.00
Coat type	10-14	7.50
	16-22	8.00
Waterproof Coats, <i>sizes</i>	10-20	7.50
	40-42	9.00
Waterproof Capes, <i>sizes</i>	10-20	7.50
	40-42	9.00

Badges

x Attendance Stars	
<i>Gold</i>	\$0.20
<i>Silver</i>15
x First Class Badge.....	.25
x Flower Crests15

x * Life Saving Crosses	
<i>Silver</i>	\$1.75
<i>Bronze</i>	1.50
x * Medal of Merit.....	1.00
x Proficiency Badges15

x Second Class Badge.....	\$0.15
x * Thanks Badge	
<i>Heavy gold plate with bar..</i>	3.00
<i>Gold Plate Pins</i>75
<i>Silver Plate</i>75

Pins

x Brownie	\$0.25
x Committee75
x * Community Service25
x * Golden Eaglet	1.50

x Lapels—G. S.— <i>Bronze</i>	\$0.50
x Tenderfoot Pins	
10K <i>Gold (safety catch)</i>	3.00

<i>Gold Filled (safety catch)...</i>	\$0.75
<i>New plain type</i>15
<i>Old style plain pin</i>08

Insignia

x Armband	\$0.15
x Corporal Chevron10
Cuff Links, <i>pair</i>	1.25

x Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron.	\$0.20
x Hat Insignia (<i>for Captain's hat</i>)50

x Lapels—G. S., <i>for Scouts</i>	\$0.20
x Patrol Leader's Chevron....	.15

Songs

America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05
Enrollment10
Everybody Ought to be a Scout	.15
First National Training School	.25
Girl Guide60
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15

Girl Scout Songs	
<i>Vocal Booklet</i>	\$0.10
<i>Piano Edition</i>30
Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04
<i>Lots of 10 or more</i>03
Goodnight15
Hike Songs.....	.20

Oh, Beautiful Country.....	.05
On the Trail:	
<i>Piano edition</i>	\$0.60
<i>Midget Size</i>05
<i>Lots of 10 or more</i>02
Onward10
To America25
Be Prepared. <i>Girl Guide Song</i>	.35

Flags

<i>American Flags</i>		
Size	Material	Price
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.70
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.50
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.50
3x5 ft.	8½ inches	4.50

<i>(x) Troop Flags</i>		
Size	Material	Price
2x3 ft.	Wool..	\$2.50
2½x4 ft.	Wool..	4.00
3x5 ft.	Wool..	5.50
4x6 ft.	Wool..	8.00

<i>(x) Troop Flags (continued)</i>		
		Price
Flag Set		\$1.25
Includes:		
1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed		
6-ft. Staff		
1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy		
web carrying case		
Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not		
jointed60
Semaphore Flags (extra), per		
pair75

<i>(x) Troop Pennants</i>		
		Price
Lettered with any Troop No..		\$1.50
<i>Staffs</i>		
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral		
G. S. Emblem....		\$6.50
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle.		4.90
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.		3.40
G. S. Emblem—separate.....		3.60
Eagle Emblem—separate		2.50
Spear Emblem—separate		1.50
Flag Carrier.....		2.50

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Standard Price List Continued

Literature

	Price		Price
Brownie Books	\$0.25	Play (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)	\$0.15
Brownie Report75	In lots of 10 or more10
* Blue Book of Rules25	Post Cards—	
Camping Out, L. H. Weir	2.00	Set of six (Silhouette)10
Campward Ho!75	1 dozen sets	1.00
Captain's Field Notebook	1.25	Single cards02
First Aid Book—		Set of four (Colored)20
General Edition50	Posters—	
Woman's Edition25	Girl Scout poster (large)20
Girl Guide Book of Games50	Girl Scout poster (small)10
Health Record Books, each10	Set of 7 Child Welfare Posters	6.85
Per dozen	1.00	Single copies, each	1.00
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover	1.00	Producing Amateur Entertainments, Helen Ferris ..	2.50
Flexible Cloth Cover75	Signal Charts15
English Girl Guide75	Lots of 10 or more10
Home Service Booklet, each10	Scout Laws	
Per dozen	1.00	Poster size50
* Introductory Training Course15	Small size15
Measurement Cards05	Postcard size05
Ye Andrée Logge75	Scout Mastership	1.50
A Girl Scout Pageant50	Troop Management Course75
Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard ..		Troop Register	2.00
Patrol Register, each15	Additional Sheets	
Patrol System for Girl Guides25	Individual Record03
* Punched for Field Notebook.		Field Note Book size01
		Attendance Record03
		Cash Records, 603

Miscellaneous Equipment

Axe, with Sheath	\$1.50	Poncho (45x72)	\$3.25
Belt Hooks, extra05	" (60x82)	4.50
Blankets—4-pound Grey	6.00	Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50
Bugle	3.50	10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00
Braid—1/4-inch wide, yard10	Rope, 4 ft. by 1/4 in.15
x Buttons—Per set25	Lots of 5 or more, each10
10—6 1 to set—dozen sets	2.75	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt50
Camp Toilet Kit	2.25	Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard	4.75
Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	Sewing Kit, Tin Case25
Tin	1.50	Aluminum Case50
Compass, Plain	1.00	Scout Stationery50
Radiolite Dial	1.50	Scout Stickers, per dozen05
Cuts—		Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-1150
Running Girl	1.00	Sun Watch	1.25
Trefoil75	Transfer Seals, 2 for05
First Aid Kit with Pouch	1.25	Thread, Khaki spool15
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra50	Per dozen spools	1.20
First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.80	Uniform Make-Up Sets—	
Flashlights, Small size	1.35	Long Coat Uniform65
Large size	1.65	1 Long Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
Handkerchiefs—Scout emblem:		1 Pair Lapels	
Linen40	1 Spool of Thread	
Cotton25	1 Set of Buttons	
Haversacks, No. 1	2.75	Two Piece Uniform80
No. 2	1.50	1 Short Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair25	1 Skirt Pattern	
x Khaki, Official Scout, 36 in. wide35	1 Pair Lapels	
Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide55	1 Spool of Thread	
Knives, No. 1	1.50	1 Set of Buttons	
No. 2	1.00	No make-up sets for middies and bloomers	
Mess Kit, No. 1 Aluminum, 6 pieces	3.50	Whistles20
Mirror—Unbreakable25	Wrist Watch, Radiolite	4.50
Patterns—			
Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-4215		
Norfolk Suit, 34-4225		

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of a registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

Girl Scout National Supply Department
189 Lexington Avenue, New York City



Along the Editor's Trail

HAVE the wild flowers begun to nod their delicate heads along your trail as they have along ours? And have you been glad for them as you have walked singing along because they seem, some way, to belong with the blue sky and the songs of the birds? Perhaps you have called their names as you have passed by. Or perhaps you have been like the poet who loved them and described them as "nameless little meadow flowers, aloof and shy."

Then, as you have stopped beside the road to enjoy the exquisite blossoms, have you seen people come along and ruthlessly pull the flowers from their bushes or from the ground? Taking all they can find and leaving bare, ugly spots of uprooted earth or torn bushes.

Have you noticed that, almost before these people passed from sight, the flowers began to wilt. And have you known that, in a few moments, the flowers will have been thrown aside, their beauty gone?

You have been sorry to see this. But has any one told you that these people who have so ruthlessly gathered the wild flowers have done more than destroy this year's blossoms, that they have destroyed the flowers of next year and all other years? For it is true. When the flowers are destroyed, the little seeds-to-come are destroyed. And unless we work together to protect our wild flowers, many of the loveliest will soon no longer be seen in this country.

This is the reason why, during this spring and summer, Girl Scouts everywhere are going to protect the wild flowers. Our motto will be, "Enjoy, not destroy, the wild flowers."

We shall try to keep this motto on our hikes and in our camps. Many of us will make a large copy of the promise of the Wild Flower Preservation Society and will hang it on the wall of our camp recreation hall or of our Scout room.

This is the promise:

Not to pick wild flowers in quantity unless abundant and weedy.

Not to pick more than one out of five from other groups so as to leave plenty to go to seed.

Not to pull them up by the roots unless weedy.

To cut woody stems and not tear or break them off.

Not to set fires in woods or fields.

Not to pick flowers or break plants in parks.

Think what it will mean when every Girl Scout keeps that promise and tells her friends about it.

What are the wild flowers which should not be picked? The Wild Flower Preservation Society has sent THE AMERICAN GIRL a list of their names. Read this list carefully. Take it to your next troop meeting. Check those flowers which

are found near your town and especially those in blossom now.

Do not pick: arethusa, birdfoot violet, bluebell, cardinal flower, clematis, columbine, false indigo, gentian, golden club, groundpine, holly, Indian pipe, Jack-in-the-pulpit, lady's slipper, larkspur, lily, lobelia, lupine, mariposa, lily, orchids, pansy, violet, phlox, pipssewa, pitches plant, rhododendron, rhodora, shin leaf, shooting star, snow plant, solomon's seal, spotted wintergreen, star grass, swamp magnolia, swamp pink, toothwort, trailing arbutus, trilliums (all species), wild pink, wild indigo.

That is quite a long list, is it not? And how many of these wild flowers grow near your home? Not all of them grow in all parts of the country so that it will be very interesting for your troop to learn which you will be likely to see, this summer.

If you are a Scribe or a Journalist and are helping with the Girl Scout column of your newspaper, why not write a description of what your troop is planning to do, telling others about the need for protecting the wild flowers?

Many people pick wild flowers in thoughtlessness. No one has ever told them of the harm they are doing. And they do not know that they are permanently destroying the beauty of our country. The dogwood, whose picture you see upon this page, is one of the most ruthlessly picked wild flowers in this country. Yet its blossoms wilt so quickly that those who pick it get but little enjoyment from it.

If you wish to have extra copies of the Wild Flower promise, you may obtain them from Mr. P. L. Ricker, of the Wild Flower Preservation Society, 3740 Oliver Street, Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C.

America the Beautiful—so many of us thrill to that song when we sing it in camp. Let us do our share, this summer, in preserving the beauty of our country, found in the lovely wild flowers.



Courtesy of Wild Flower Preservation Society

*Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?*

—Emerson

Time for biscuit and berries



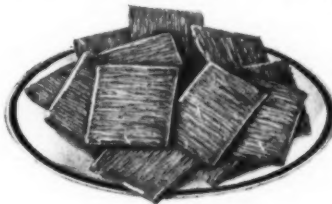
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Our booklet, "Fifty Ways of Serving Shredded Wheat," sent free. We offer \$1500 in gold for new ways of serving Shredded Wheat. Send in your favorite recipe. Free sample sent upon request. Contest closes July 1, 1924.

Have you tasted our new Tris-cuit? It is a real whole wheat cracker, delicious with butter or soft cheese. It is the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded, pressed into a cracker and baked in electric ovens.



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